Canadian Illustrated News

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THE PROPOSED SCHEME FOR TRANSPORTING VESSELS ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—(SEE PAGE 35.)

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

January 9th, 1881.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	27°	17°	22°	Mon..	38°	3°	20°5
Tues.	15°	−7°	4°	Tues.	39°	12°	25°5
Wed..	18°	4°	11°	Wed.	38°	22°	30°
Thur.	30°	12°	21°	Thur..	35°	1°	18°
Fri. .	33°	22°	27°5	Fri...	34°	20°	27°
Sat....	25°	zero	12°5	Sat...	30°	19°	24°5
Sun...	20°	−4°	8°	Sun..	39°	14°	26°5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 15, 1881.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE ONLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER IN CANADA.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1881.

With the New Year we present to our subscribers and the public generally the XXII. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

A new era of prosperity is dawning upon the country. After a long period of depression the good times are close at hand. Through good and bad alike we have not relaxed our efforts to maintain and improve our standard of excellence, and now that prospects are bright once more, we come forward to offer a paper improved as well as the times.

We have made changes in our editorial department, by which we hope to ensure bright, sparkling and original reading matter. The want of a good, readable family paper is widely felt throughout Canada, and this want we are determined to supply. Our paper is to be read, not merely looked at for the illustrations.

With the new volume appear the first chapters of a new and highly interesting tale, entitled, "Against the Law," by Dora Russell, an author whose "Beneath the Wave" was so much appreciated by our readers a couple of years ago.

The illustrations of the paper we propose to materially improve, and shall endeavour to bring them to the highest possible state of excellence. A greater amount of original work is to be introduced than heretofore; and in this department we appeal to our friends throughout the country to send us sketches and notes of such subjects as they may think will interest our readers. Where possible, such drawings should be in pen and ink, but we shall be glad to receive drawings of any kind, or even photographs, where the subject is of sufficient importance.

From our literary friends we ask the same favours. The Editor will be pleased to receive stories, articles, or notes on any subject of interest.

In conclusion, we would say to our present subscribers: If you have been satisfied in the past, you shall be more satisfied in the future; if you were right in subscribing to us last year, you will have double reason for renewing your subscription, while all such as have never yet taken the paper, we would remind that the New Year is the time to turn over a new leaf—and that leaf should be the page of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE WEEK.

As might have been expected, the greater part of the Speech from the Throne is occupied with the discussion of Irish affairs. We look in vain however, for any clear exposition of the Government policy, or any hint, even, as to the exact course they mean to take. That the division in the Cabinet is very serious can hardly be doubted, and this it may be which has closed Mr. GLADSTONE'S mouth. As far as one may judge in the dark, the Speech points to a crisis near at hand, and a necessity of dealing with it once and for all. Meanwhile, in spite of the consoling statement that "attempts at life have not grown the same in proportion as other offences," the situation has at least become sufficiently serious to invite the comments of some of the French journals on "the *war* between England and Ireland." Something very like it seems daily threatening; and while tenants are arming on the one hand, and landlords furnishing themselves with bullet-proof coats-of-mail, we should be glad to know with a little less of ambiguity what the Government propose to do in the matter.

WE are glad to learn on good authority that the accounts with which the so-called "Society Journals" have been favouring us of late, relative to the supposed quarrel between the Queen and the Princess LOUISE are absolutely without any foundation. We are the more concerned with these scandalous accounts in Canada as in connection with them we have been told that the non-return of the Princess to our shores was due to her own wishes, and in opposition to the views of the Queen, who was in favour of her re-visiting Canada. The real facts are entirely different. Sir WILLIAM JENNER has distinctly stated that the Princess' health has been so seriously affected by her late accident that it has become a question of life and death as to whether she should remain quietly at home under medical treatment, or venture on an Atlantic voyage and a Canadian winter. She is still under Sir WILLIAM'S care, and the only part the Queen has taken in the matter has been to exert her maternal authority to prevent her daughter risking her life in an attempt to return, as she was herself anxious to do, to spend the winter among us.

LORD HOUGHTON'S critique on "Endymion," which has been eagerly looked for by the *literati*, appears in the *Fortnightly Review* for January. Those who expected to find in it a spicy attack upon Lord BEACONSFIELD will be grievously disappointed at the generous and eminently fair tone in which the work is discussed, and the entire freedom from personalities throughout the review. Lord HOUGHTON finds fault chiefly with the treatment of the representatives of literature in the text. and, assuming that "St. Barbe" is intended for a portrait of THACKERAY, criticises the description as at once "false and feeble." For ourselves, we have been able to distinguish few of Thackeray's salient characteristics in the sketch of the ill-tempered, conceited, and, withal, tuft-hunting journalist; and it seems rather a stretch of criticism to find out likenesses, in the first instance, for oneself, and then to complain that they are not at all like. For the rest, the newest point made by Lord HOUGHTON is the discovery of an original for the character of "Baron Sergius,"—no less a person than Baron STOCKMAR, the great ally of the late Prince Consort, and the trusted confidant of the Queen and the late King Leopold of Belgium. Of him Lord HOUGHTON speaks discreetly as "a mysterious German gentleman who, years ago, lived in Buckingham Palace."

LORD PENZANCE seems to have taken a new departure in the matter of judgments under the Public Worship Act, for which the Ritualists are alone to blame. Mr. de la Bere has been deprived of his living of Prestbury, near Cheltenham, for repeated acts of disobedience to the law and the Court. It is unquestionably a more severe punishment than imprisonment until submission, such as Mr. ENRAGHT is now undergoing, but it is one which is less open to criticism. For ourselves, though in church matters as in politics we strive to be neutral, yet we cannot find any fault with the Court if it declines to have its decrees set at naught and its injunctions disobeyed to the letter. The Church of England is a State Church—there may be many who wish that it were not so—yet, while it is so, it seems to go without saying that its ministers must accept the judgments of the Courts of the realm, exactly as private persons have to do. It is a common mistake to suppose that Messrs. DALE and ENRAGHT have been imprisoned for Ritualistic observances. They have simply been imprisoned for refusal to obey the orders of the Court which the State has appointed for the regulation of their actions. A layman who should refuse to obey a judgment properly given against him in the Court of Chancery would meet with little sympathy if he were conveyed to Holloway gaol and left to come to his senses; and Mr. ENRAGHT can purchase his freedom in the same way exactly, by simple submission. But the Ritualists will have none but themselves to blame if the Court refuse to subject themselves to endless trouble and misrepresentations in future, and take the simpler, if more rigorous, course of absolutely depriving recalcitrants in lieu of endeavouring to bring them to their senses.

FRANK BUCKLAND is gone. The most genial and open-hearted of our Naturalists. Unlike many, of whose discoveries and researches the public hear but rarely, and who keep the fruits of their labours locked up in their own desks, FRANK BUCKLAND was liberal to prodigality of the results of his study and observation. The special branch of study to which he devoted himself was the Natural History of Fishes; indeed he styles himself in one of his works "Fisherman and Zoologist." But whatever he did and whatever he discovered, he was ready for pure love of his subject to let the public have the benefit, and the readers of his many charming articles will be the losers by the death that has arrested his pen forever.

A SCHEME of reform, by no means unworthy of the attention of the Government, is that proposed by Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL in his "New Views for Ireland," just published. It consists in the formation of a commission to buy up such private estates as their owners are willing to part with, all corporate estates, waste lands and mortgaged lands, which will pay off the mortgage, for the purpose of re-selling these to tenants. Payment might be made by means of land bonds, to bear Government security. The *Daily News* speaks in high terms of the scheme, predicting its entire success if these considerations be observed—viz., that the lots should be at once large enough to support a tenant, and not too large to deter a peasant from buying. The last seems to be the main difficulty, and it is to us, at least, an unsolvable problem in political economy how a man, who cannot pay rent for his land, can possibly afford to buy it. Of course, it is pleasanter to be monarch of all one surveys than to have a disagreeable demand for rent at fixed periods, but it seems unreasonable to say to one's landlord, "I can't afford to pay rent; it bothers me to have you continually asking for it, so——I will buy the place of you."

BY THE death of the late Chief-Justice Moss the whole country has sustained a severe loss. Apart from his great judicial ability and unwearying devotion to the duties of his office, the courtesy and kindness which marked his intercourse with all who ever knew him, endeared him as well to the profession as to society. We hope in our next number to publish a fuller account of his career. We cannot go to press, however, without these few lines in tribute to his memory.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD DEBATE—RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS—GRINDING WHEAT IN BOND—THE ALLEGED EXODUS &c.

(*From Our Special Correspondent.*)

OTTAWA, JANUARY, 1881.

The House of Commons resumed its sittings on Tuesday last, pursuant to its resolution of adjournment. The house was far from full, but it was noticeable that immediately after the opening, Mr. Scott, the new member from Manitoba, was introduced by Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Langevin. Of course this was what one expected, but then people had been talking of the effects which had been produced by the recent action in Manitoba on the Syndicate question.

After routine business, the House immediately went again into Committee of the Whole on the Pacific Railway resolutions. Mr. Cameron, of Huron, opened the Debate on the Opposition side, and made a speech of three hours. The sum of his argument was that the Government had given altogether too good a bargain to the Syndicate, and he contended that there was now no use in making comparisons with the proposed Allan contract, in view of the fact, that the circumstances of the country had quite changed. He said the business of Parliament was to consider the question by the light of facts as they stood. He expressed his belief that the lands made over to the Syndicate are worth $5.00 an acre, and that the proceeds from these alone would be sufficient to build the Railway. Whatever may be the value of arguments and statements of this kind, there still remains the stubborn fact, that no company would think of undertaking the work on less favourable terms than those agreed upon by the Government; and that some of the strongest capitalists refused to accept even these; while the present Company are known to be not over keen. As respects the price of the lands, it is certain that these are worth nothing to the Dominion as they stand; but they sell for $5 an acre in some cases, in others less, and again in others more, when they are opened up by a railway for settlement. But it is not by any means certain that all these operations and the cost of procuring settlers may not come to more than five dollars an acre. They certainly would in the hands of the Government.

Mr. Plumb followed in a speech occupying the remainder of the evening, and which was admittedly the best he has yet made in Parliament. He had evidently taken a great deal of trouble to collect and arrange his facts, and a full report of this speech will contain matter of much interest, on the general Railway question. It is of course quite impossible for me, within the limits at my disposal to furnish even a summary of his elaborate statement. I can only generally say that he made a defence of the Government position, replying to the attacks along the whole line; and on the point of Railway monopolies, some of his utterances were at least new in this debate. He referred, for instance, to the great Vanderbilt Monopoly, and contended that this was by no means the unmixed evil which it was supposed at one time it would be. He showed that the consolidation of many lines from the west to the seaboard under one management had had the effect of reducing rates between the west and the east, to a point never before known. It is in fact contended by some able writers, that if the state of things arising from this so-called monopoly had not existed, there would have been much greater distress in Europe during the recent scarcity in bread stuffs.

Something of the same kind of argument will apply to the Grand Trunk extension to Chicago. That would have been denounced in terms of unmeasured invective a few years ago, but will probably prove to be of immense advantage to many interests. On the point of exception from taxation, Mr. Plumb adduced numerous facts from the practice of the Western States. He showed there was nothing unusual and certainly nothing to fear in the proposal in this respect. He had a good deal to say on the ingratitude of the Opposition to Mr. Mackenzie and described him as being bound hand and foot while compelled to listen to the speeches of Mr. Blake, last session; he might have added this session also. It is certain that the whole of these speeches and in fact, the whole attitude of the present Opposition is in most cruel inconsistency with the policy of Mr. Mackenzie's Government, and the bitterness of his position will not be very much relieved by the reflection that his party is inconsistent. Mr. Mackenzie has not thus far spoken in this debate, but he has been unwell, and that may be the reason.

At the close of Mr. Plumb's speech Mr. Mills rose, but as it was then nearly midnight, it was agreed that he should move the adjournment of the debate, so as to have possession of the floor on Wednesday. Sir John Macdonald gave notice that he would move on Friday. That on and after that day, the Pacific Railway Debate should be carried on from day to day, and have precedence after the routine proceedings, this, of course, means that nothing else shall be done requiring debate, until these resolutions are disposed of. When the motion came up on Friday, Mr. Blake objected, but he did not divide the House.

Mr. Bunster has given notice of an amendment in the interest of British Colembia. The substance of it is, that while the general terms

of the contract are approved of the Vancouver portion of the line should form a part of the scheme, as agreed to by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, under what is known as the Lord Carnarvon arrangement.

On Wednesday, Mr. McCarthy again introduced his Bill constituting a Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, the Commissioners having power to regulate all traffic dispute between railway companies, corporations and municipalities, and to have transferred to them the powers now possessed by the Railway Committee of the Privy Council.

Some debate took place on a motion of Mr. Wheeler, for copies of Orders-in-Council and departmental regulations since March, 1879, for the grinding of wheat in bond. The argument he used drew from Mr. Bowell the observation, that that gentleman's conversion to the National Policy was a gratification. Mr. Mills replied, the present bonding regulations were not in keeping with the spirit of the National Policy. The point of Mr. Wheeler's complaint was that millers could import wheat, and keep it, if they liked, twelve months in their mills, only paying the duty when they sold the flour. As far as regards the protection of the Revenue, Mr. Bowell said the millers could only evade the Order-in-Council by perjuring themselves.

There were remarks on several other motions for returns, after which the motion of Mr. White of Cardwell for correspondence and figures relating to the alleged exodus at Sarnia was reached. This member is known to have taken a special interest in this subject, and his remarks were spirited. He stated that Mr. Mills had quoted statistics which he had guaranteed as reliable, showing that 94,000 persons had left Canada and settled in the United States since January, 1880. He characterised the statement as impossible and absurd in itself, as under such an exodus, the country would soon be depopulated. Sir Richard Cartwright followed and gave as his opinion, that the figures quoted by Mr. Mills, were only too true, and expressed his faith in the reliability of American statistics. He moved in amendment, that the return include the exodus since 1870. To this, Mr. White replied, he had no objection, except that it would be impossible to get the return this session, and he thought the figures should be immediately obtained in view of the statement which had been blazoned forth that 94,000 persons left Canada last year.

After some further discussion, the Minister of Agriculture rose and stated that investigations had been made and figures gathered by his Department from responsible railway officers, which showed that the claim by the U. S. Collector of Customs at Port Huron was grossly absurd and impossible. He read some statistics showing that while there was a claim made at Port Huron for 94,375 emigrants from Canada, the total number of passengers from all points of Europe, the Eastern States and Canada, to all Western points including Manitoba, was only 53,627; while those going from West to East at the same point numbered 45,676; making only the comparatively small difference of 7,951. But the next figures he read had relation to the total number of passengers who had purchased tickets in Canada to all points West in 1880. These amounted to 30,626. On the other hand, the total passengers from the Western States to Canada were 24,739 leaving a difference of only 5,887. Mr. Pope then added that if the emigrants who had consular certificates and those who went by the Sarnia branch of the Great Western were added deducting from the whole, a moderate estimate for the emigrants to Manitoba at this point, the net result of the emigration from Canada to the Western States at Port Huron would only amount to 6,705. Mr. Pope further said he had proof that there had been no counting of numbers by the Port Huron Customs Officers, and that the large figures which had been claimed were simply fabrications. He was asked the authority for his figures, and he answered the responsible officers of the railways. He denounced the unpatriotic attempts which had been made to create political capital out of false statements of this kind, and stated that when in England he had everywhere felt greatly injurious effects from this. The hour of six o'clock prevented further discussion, but people said that was the end of the exodus bubble.

After the recess Mr. Mills resumed the debate on the railway resolutions. He made a most elaborate speech which was remarkable for the ability he is known to possess, but I find it impossible to admit his premises, and therefore his eloquence does not convince. He contended the question should be submitted to the people, but the Parliament and not the people under our system is the tribune to decide questions of this kind, and this question has, in fact, been in every shape, continuously before the people since 1873. Mr. Mills and all his party seem to think that it is not necessary to build any other part of this road at present, but the Prairie Section, the contention being that the road through the British Columbia mountains and around the north shore of Lake Superior should indefinitely postponed, and the Road by Sault Ste. Marie along the west shore of Lake Superior be through the United States, would be sufficient for all our purposes of communication for some years to come. This branch may answer a certain purpose, and may succeed in diverting a great deal of trade to Montreal and the St. Lawrence, which would otherwise go by way of Chicago and New York. But in the face of the fact, that we are offered a through road for 53 million dollars in cash and a grant of 25,000,000 acres of land worth nothing without the railway and which the Government would actually now give for nothing to settlers, and pay in addition, many millions to get them settled; it is certainly not surprising that when orators such as Mr. Mills and Mr. Blake appear before meetings of their own calling with such arguments as they have to use, they should nowhere be able to carry even their own meetings in their favour, but find them everywhere divided. This fact speaks volumes for the discernment and sound common sense of the people. The prosperity that must flow from the introduction of many millions into the country and the consequent influx of population, is also a factor that must be kept fully in view in considering this question. We must also remember that if we are ever to be a nation, and as such develop the magnificent heritage of the North-West, as large as the whole of Europe, we must have a Canadian approach to it, There is besides the certain prospect of very large development of mineral wealth from the opening up of the British Columbia and Lake Superior sections. The enfiancement of our own lands will also soon recoup the fifty-three millions to be paid, to say nothing of the fixed stream of revenue that must flow into the Dominion Treasury from the settlement of our immense North-west. It is amazing in the face of such considerations, that a party pledged to build this Railway, should patter about giving $53,000,000 in cash for it.

Mr. McCallum replied to Mr. Mills, speaking at some length and with a good deal of ability. Mr. Coursol moved the adjournment, anp therefore had the floor for Friday. He spoke in French, and his speech was a closely sustained effort of one hour. It was very attentively listened to; and in part constituted a feature of the debate. He showed that what many called St. Lawrence or Lower Canadian interests were fully cared for in the arrangement.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW SHIP RAILROAD.—We give on our front page an illustration of Capt. Ead's project for carrying vessels across the Isthmus of Panama, which it seems probable will be in operation before M. de Lesseps' scheme can possibly reach completion. Capt. Ead contemplates the reduction of the distance by making use of the river and lagoons, and expects thus to make a railroad of 100 miles in length suffice for the 145 miles across the isthmus at Tehuantepec. He has succeeded in obtaining substantial assistance from the Government of Mexico, and expects to be able to obtain pecuniary aid from the States sufficient to undertake the work immediately. The scheme, with the exception of the scientific details, speaks for itself through the illustrations. The ocean vessels arriving at the point of departure of the railroad, will be raised, cargo and all, by hydraulic means and deposited on a suitably constructed platform on rails, which will be towed by locomotives to the terminus on the other side of the Isthmus where the huge bulk will be once more consigned to the waves. We have had trains carried across the water, but it will be a turning of the tables with a vengeance, when we can cross a continent without leaving the cabin of our ocean steamer.

ACCIDENT AT INDIAN CREEK, N.C.—The terrible accident which took place recently on the North Carolina Central is illustrated in our pages this week. The trestle at Indian Creek is 55 feet high at the spot where the accident occurred and 150 feet long—the track passing over nearly half a mile of waste land at that point. The train which was composed of two passenger coaches, three box cars, and one combination coach was passing slowly over the ravine when Engineer Hall heard a cracking in his rear. He slowed up his engine and almost immediately, with a sudden crash the entire train, with the exception of the engine and tender, plunged through the bridge and fell in a shattered heep 55 feet below. To add to the horrors of the terrible fall, the stoves in the cars were burst open and the wreck took fire, four persons being actually roasted in their prison before help could arrive, and two more dying shortly after from their injuries. A more horrible drama has hardly been enacted since the wreck of the Irish Mail at Abergele.

TOBOGANNING ACCIDENT ON BREHAUT'S HILL.—This unfortunate occurrence, which very nearly terminated fatally to one of the parties, occurred last week on the spot outside the western city limits known as Brehaut's Hill. A large number of people were coasting and tobogganing, and among the number two young men named named Patrick Guy, son of a well-known notary public, and Mr. Fraser. They were upon a very steep and dangerous place, which required expert steering. Losing control of their frail craft, it deviated from the intended course and hurled them against a neighbouring fence like a shot from a catapult, smashing the toboggan to atoms and crushing the occupants into the *debris* of the fence. All was consternation among the coasters, and a number of gentlemen came hurriedly to the rescue. Guy was terribly cut, bleeding from severe wounds in the head, while his throat was badly gashed with a splinter of the toboggan. No one could ascertain his name, and being asked of what religion he was, Guy made the sign of the cross and a priest was sent for, so certain were the bystanders that he would die on the spot. Fraser in the meantime had been picked up with serious internal injuries, and carried away for dead. We are glad to be able to state that both the gentlemen are now completely out of danger.

CARIBOO HUNTING IN CANADA.—Our artist has faithfully depicted this week the excitements of a sport which in many respects is certainly our own. The deer stalkers of the Highlands of Scotland and the hunters of Germany pursue their game under such very different circumstances of climate and position, that a comparison only serves to point a distinction. The dry heather and open ground on which the Scotch deer are found are as widely opposed as possible to the deep snow and dense forest through which the Canadian huntsman pursues his game. And camping out in deep snow, many miles from a human habitation contrasts strangely with the pony cart and its rival attractions of ladies and luncheon, and the evening drive home to a well-furnished country house, the common accessories of Highland sport.

THE ICE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—We have endeavoured to give our readers as clear an idea as possible of this accident, which occurred last week on the newly-laid railroad at a short distance from Longueuil. It seems that at first, in order to test the safety of the track, a large number of cars were drawn by horses about half-way across the river, from which place the donkey engine conveyed them to the Hochelaga shore. In this manner eight cars were brought over, after which the engine returned for a second tow of seventeen cars, which had not been brought quite as far from the Lougueuil side of the river. They were also safely landed on the other side. Growing venturesome, the third lot of cars were left a very short distance from Longueuil, to which place the engine was *en route*, when the fireman felt the upper side of the track sinking. He at once called out, "jump for your life!" and sprang from the engine, landing safely on the ice. The driver, Mr. W. Beatty, of Point St. Charles, made his escape at the same time, but so frightened was he that he does not yet recollect how he effected it. He only knows that he found himself on the ice, which was partly covered with water. By the time he collected his senses the engine had entirely disappeared, and nought was to be seen but the rushing and bubbling of the water and the broken timbers scattered about. The accident did not long interfere with the business of the RR, as the track was shifted, and a detour made, passing 150 feet from the spot where the accident occurred, and traffic was immediately resumed on the new line. As we go to press the work of extricating the engine from its watery bed has been commenced, and will probably be sucessfully completed ere this number is read.

FANCY BALL COSTUMES.—It is still holiday time with many of our young friends, and fancy balls, whether in the rink or the drawing-room, are a matter of serious consideration to many a belle not yet in her teens. It is often so difficult to select a costume for these occasions that we have given a page of the views to help the little ones to select their dresses. The next page, too, may be said to be theirs, for in the scraps there collected are many charming little bits of child-life by Miss Kate Greenaway and R. Caldecott, whose facile pencils have given us more pleasure than usual this Christmas in their many charming representations of the little folk.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Mr. Braybrooke Bayley's last waltz the "Isobel," a copy of which lies on the table before us, shows a marked improvement in style and composition on the previous work of this clever young composer. Inasmuch as the arrangement is slightly more difficult than some of his earlier productions, we question whether it may meet with as large a sale as the "Belle Canadienne," but musicians will gladly welcome the very marked improvement in the harmonizing and modulations of the present number. We predict for Mr. Bayley, if he will continue to work as he has evidently been doing of late, no small measure of success in higher branches of music than he has yet attempted.

Mr. Geo. Barber, of Niagara Falls, sends us some most exquisite stereoscopic views of the truly beautiful winter scenery at the Falls. Some of these views will form the subject of an illustration in our next number.

THE SCOT IN NEW FRANCE.

THE SCOT IN NEW FRANCE, an inaugural address read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 29th November, 1880, by J. M. Lemoine, Esq., President of the Society, &c., &c.

If Mr. Lemoine has not added another "Maple Leaf" to those he has alaeady gathered, he has defily interwoven the rugged emblem of Scotland with that of his native land. But who could more fittingly be the historian of the Scot in Canada, than he who has preserved from oblivion so many traditions of Quebec, and in whose veins flows co-mingled the blood of the insrepid Macpherson, and of the chivalrous Lemoynes de Longueuil. So varied are the facts, so numerous the allusions, our author has crowded into the narrow compass of a lecture, that the reviewer is puzzled to find any single passage more deserving of reproduction than another. He tells us of the Chevalier Johnstone's romantic adventures; of the captivity and escape of Major Stobo, and of his return to point out the road by which his former prison might be successfully attacked. We are told of the first capture of Quebec by Louis Kirke in 1629, and of his brothers Louis, David, William and Thomas. Unfortunately we know little of the exploits of these gentlemen. Although a descendant of one of them has recently written an account of the first English conquest of Quebec, we are entitled to more information with regard to the Kirkes at the hands of Mr. Lemoine than perhaps he is aware of. There was a certain Pierre Esprit Hayet Ravisson, who was married, it is said, to a daughter of Sir David Kirke. This worthy, with his brother-in-law, Medard Thomas Des Grozelliers, had changed allegiance more than once in the contest going on between the English and French for the sterile coasts of Hudson Bay. In 1684 fortune seems to have been favourable to the English, for Des Grozelliers and Ravisson were on that side. They captured Fort Nelson, making the garrison prisoners and appropriating all the furs and stores. The prisoners, among whom was the nephew of Ravisson, and the booty were despatched to London; but Mr. Ravisson either remained at the Bay or returned there in 1685. In the spring of 1636 de Froye and d'Iberville, two of Lemoyne de Longueuil's sons, the latter of whom has been called the "Jean Bart Canadien," started for the Bay with the ostensible object of bringing the traitor Ravisson to justice. They exhibited in this expedition all the endurance for which the Canadian "voyageurs" were so famous, and performed great feats of valour. They took forts St. Jacques, St. Louis and Ste. Anne. Fortunately for Sir David Kirke's son-in-law he was not an inhabitant of either of these forts, and he disappears from Canadian annals without the glory of the tragical termination to his career which Pierre Lemoyne had doubtless prepared for him.

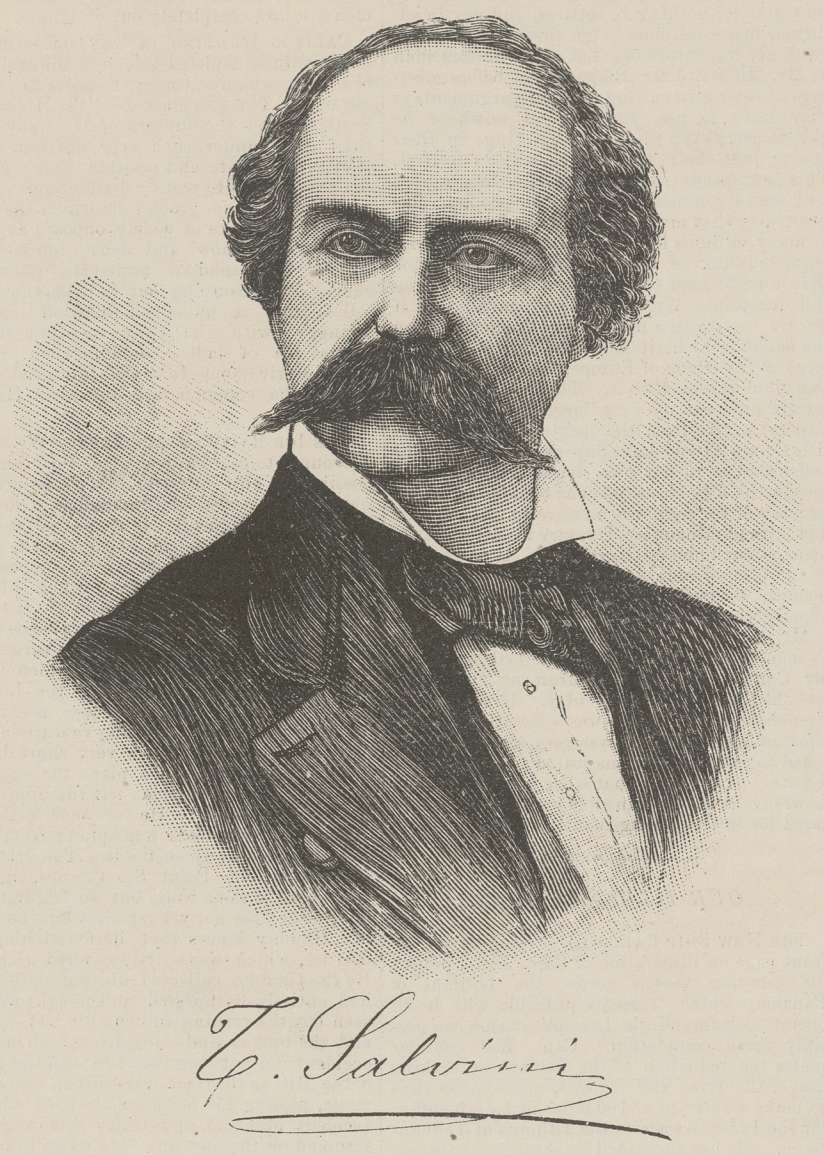
The fight for Hudson Bay is not without interest, and we can assure Mr. Lemoine that he will find "Maple leaves" worth culling in these frigid regions. These researches are eminently useful. The recital of heroic adventure keeps up and develops the martial spirit of a nation without which all advancement is impossible or worse than useless. The first lesson a people has to learn by heart is to fight and to endure. These qualities are the best guarantees of peace.

Mr. Lemoine has not forgotten to mention that the foundation stone of the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm was laid by Lord Dalhousie who was of the same name and lineage as the last Commandant of Quebec under the French *regime*. It is perhaps one of the most interesting incidents of our comparatively past history this raising a monument in commemoration of the contending chiefs who perished almost at the same instant. History presents no parallel to the extraordinary coincidences of the 13th Sept. 1759. On one of the most picturesque spots of the new world, France and England met for the last fight in their great struggle for dominion in North America. The leaders of the two armies had many points of resemblance. Both were well-born and both were young, although already distinguished in arms, and both were brave almost to the verge of rashness. Each knew the peril to which he was exposed, and the responsibility that weighed upon him. To Wolfe there was "only a choice of difficulties," while Montcalm had only to choose between a pitched battle and an inglorious surrender. Montcalm has been exposed to much blame for having come out of the town to meet Wolfe. Is this deserved? When it is a question of the great game of war retrospective wisdom is wonderfully abundant. But the factors with which a commander has to deal are not always taken into account. We all know now that when Montcalm went forth to meet Wolfe he was too late to drive the enemy down the cliff. We are equally certain that if he had remained within the walls he would not have been defeated on the Plains. But what would have been the result? With a numerous fleet blocking up all the approaches to the place by water, with an overwhelming force about to entrench itself so as to cut off all communication with the west, where was Montcalm to look for supplies or even provisions? He had but one outlet, and that was the perilous communications of a bridge of boats across the St. Charles. It should also be borne in mind that he was menaced on the Beauport side, and although he had repulsed one attack on the heights between the mouth of the St. Charles and the Falls, six weeks before, it does not follow that he would have been equally successful when the Plains were in the hands of an enemy. Who then will venture to say that Montcalm was not justified in risking a general engagement? The only reproach to which he seems open is that of not having been sufficiently vigilant in guarding the heights to the west of Quebec. It is evident he ought to have protected the cliffs between the town and Cap Rouge, as he did those of the Cote Beauport, if he had the means to do so, which seems probable. But these military reflections have beguiled us from our subject. Let us hope that the simple obelisk, raised to celebrate the fame of these heroes, pointing to Canadian skies, may indicate the rise of a great nation, destined to influence largely the progress and civilization of the new world, and who will look back with a common pride on the names of Wolfe and Montcalm.

FOR STYLISH and well-fitting Gentlemen's Clothing, made after the London and American fashions, go to L. Robinson, the practical London tailor, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

SALVINI.

Few artists in any age or country have produced so profound an impression, or given such striking evidence of genius and ability to portray the characters of Shakespeare and other great dramatic writers as Tomaso Salvini. A man exceptionally gifted by nature with all the attributes that go to make up the perfection of humanity, Salvini is likewise endowed with intellectual powers of the highest order, and has added to his natural advantages by devoting himself closely to the study of the art to the exposition of which his life has been devoted. No more ardent admirer of William Shakespeare exists than this Italian. He is said to have closely scanned and studied not only every edition of the British author that has appeared in his native language, but also those of every other nation; and in addition thereto, has carefully considered the opinion of the numerous commentators that in all ages and languages have been published. He is therefore, as well as an undeniably fine artist, a remarkable Shakesperian scholar, and in his delineations nothing is set forth without mature deliberation and loving study of his author, as well as the result of his own observance of the manners and customs of the nations amongst whom the scenes of Shakespeare's plays are laid. Salvini's first visit to the new world took place in 1873. After an absence of seven years his friend, Cav. Carlo Chizzola succeeded in inducing him to give up for one winter his pleasant retirement in Florence, and to undertake a farewell tour on this continent. His reception in New York, if not of the sensational character of that awarded to Sara Bernhardt, was yet most enthusiastic. We are shortly to have the pleasure of seeing this great artist in our city.



T. Salvini

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THIS announcement appeared in the Parisian journals recently. "M. Jules Grévy, President of the Republic, will hunt to-day at Rambouillet." It requires no comment.

SOME young men of fashion and fortune have founded a ball called *Le bal des brigands*. It will be given at the Continental Hotel, and the dancers, both male and female, will wear the Spanish dress.

THE sandals which the ladies wore who lived in the Directory period, are to be fashionable it is said. Of course a pink silk stocking is worn beneath it, but it is polite to suppose that its soft rosiness precisely matches the skin beneath.

THE famous Château of Blois is undergoing important restorations at the hands of M. de Baudot, the architect who was formerly employed at the church of St. Laumer at Blois. The upper portions of the buildings of Francis I. are selected for repairs.

GREEN and blue is a combination which French dressmakers use unscrupulously, now-a-days, and some of the results of their efforts are anything but pretty. Who, for instance, could possibly like a gown of ivy green satin with blue satin plaitings on the train, a front breadth of blue velvet and green satin waist and side draperies? And yet a gown of that description was made in Paris for an American woman, and has been imported.

IT has become the fashion at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes to throw to the children who form the regiments of "La Jeune France," in the play of *Bastille Madeleine*, dolls and other toys, in the same way as bouquets are showered upon their elders. Unfortunately. however, this procedure causes some little confusion in the ranks of the juvenile army, and on more than one occasion a general scramble has been the result.

IT was intended, before the death of the regretted M. Sameshina, to give a grand Japanese fête at the Legation in the Avenue Marceau; and but for the demise of the Minister, this would have been one of the interesting social events of the winter. Tapestry hangings and other decorations, which had been specially prepared for the fête, are still standing in several of the apartments at the Legation, and recently a number of lacquered boxes, beautifully adorned arrived in Paris from Yeddo.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAIN TOTALLY WRECKED AT INDIAN CREEK

PROHIBITED MEETING AT BROOKBOROUGH, COUNTY FERMANAGH: THE MAGISTRATE ORDERING MR. O'KELLY, M.P., OUT OF THE FIELD.

SERIOUS TOBOGANNING ACCIDENT ON BREHAUT'S HILL, MONTREAL.

AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c

CHAPTER V.

HOPE.

The next day was Christmas Day. All over the land the bells were ringing, and kindly words and greetings were exchanged on every side. But, still, in many a household Care either lingered on the threshold, or sat as a guest at the Christmas board.

Beneath the roof of the old gray stone house at Seaton-by-the-Sea care reigned paramount.

Mrs. Keane was too ill to appear down-stairs, and the young girls, therefore, ate their Christmas dinner alone.

This day Laura seemed the most depressed of the two.

The gifted child Maud—for she was but a child—had seen in the dawn of the Christmas morning an ideal of beauty, which one day she believed that all the world would behold when her pen had made her glorious visions live.

So there was a flush on her thin cheeks and a light in the large, big-pupiled eyes; for she was dreaming of days to come, and of fame, as has done many a young dreamer before her.

"We may not always be poor," she said. "Fancy, Laura, if—if one day people should come here, and look at this little room, and talk about us, and say how poor we were once—before I was known!"

Laura tried to smile.

"I hope it may be so," she said.

"It must—it must be!" said the poor cripple, starting up, and beginning to pace the room with her halting steps. "Laura, I know that I am clever—I know it by comparing mine with the writings of others. There are giants and pigmies; I shall try to reach the height of the giants!"

Alas! as the poor child spoke, her frail physical powers were too painfully evident to her sister. The giants to whose height she aspired must have had more vigorous frames and stronger nerves than this young struggler, or they never could have climbed so high. She was not fitted for the toil, the aching hand, the weary brain, the long, long journey before the goal is won. But she did not realize this. Longing, like a young bird, to fly, she did not know her pinions were too weak to carry her through the storm.

So she talked to Laura of her glowing dreams and hopes, and thus the day passed quietly, and to Laura very sadly, away. And the next few days also were very quiet. Maud was busy with her pen, and Mrs. Keane was really too ill to make any particular disturbance.

But on the third day after Christmas, as the girls were sitting together over the fire in the early winter twilight, a visitor arrived at the old stone house.

They heard the door bell ring, and looked at each other uneasily.

"Some one wanting money, of course!" said Maud, impatiently.

But the next minute their little handmaiden rapped at the room door, and made some inarticulate sounds, but finally succeeded in ushering in Mr. William Glynford!

Laura rose, flushed and nervous, to receive him.

Mr. Glynford was also rather nervous, but he held out his hand, with a kind, glad smile.

"I've found my way, you see, to Seaton-by-the-Sea," he said.

"I—I am very glad," said Laura. "This is my sister, Mr. Glynford—my sister Maud."

Again William Glynford held out his hand.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance," he said. "And now, Miss Keane, tell me,"—(and he turned to Laura)—"what kind of Christmas have you had?"

"Very quiet," answered Laura, in somewhat faltering accents. "My mother is ill—and we were alone."

"I dined at Bridgenorth House, of course," said William Glynford, "and fared sumptuously, you may be sure. My good aunt a little overdid it, I thought; but then she generally does err in that way."

Laura laughed uneasily.

All this time Maud had sat with her gaze fixed on William Glynford.

She had never seen any one like him before. The few visitors who had come to Seaton-by-the-Sea in the summer time were mostly stout, prosy, family men, who went down in the early morning to bathe, and came back looking very red, self-satisfied, and consequential.

But William Glynford was neither stout, red, nor consequential. He was, in fact, a good-looking, gentlemanly man; but, to poor Maud, he was something wonderful, and she instantly determined to sketch the features of her favourite hero.

"And you live here?" he said, looking at Maud very gently and compassionately—for he had at once observed her deformity.

"Yes," she answered, shyly.

"And you missed your sister very much, I fear," he continued, "when she left home!"

"Yes," again said Maud; and then, with sudden courage, she asked, "Have you known Laura long?—all the time she has been away?"

"Very nearly, I think," answered Mr. Glynford, smiling, and looking at Laura. "We became friends very quickly; did we not, Miss Keane?"

"Yes," answered Laura, softly; and her head fell low, and as the fire-light glanced on her fair features, Mr. Glynford saw that she was blushing deeply.

He remained about an hour, and before he left told the girls that he was going to remain all night at Seaton-by-the-Sea.

"I shall see you in the morning, I hope," he said, rather significantly, to Laura. "May I ask at what time you usually walk?"

"Oh, any time," said Laura; and again she blushed.

"Any time is no time," said Mr. Glynford, smiling. "Suppose, therefore, you tell me at what time you will appear to-morrow morning, and where?"

"Perhaps you would like to see the sands?" said Laura, in her pretty, modest way. "If—you will go down on the sands about eleven—"

"Very well," said Mr. Glynford; "I shall go down on the sands about eleven, and you must kindly point out their beauties to me. It is settled, then; you will meet me on the sands at eleven!"

"Yes," half-whispered Laura, and her breath came fast.

Maud had listened to this arrangement with considerable astonishment. Then she looked at Laura and Mr Glynford, and drew her own conclusions.

"Laura," she said, grasping her sister's hand as soon as their guest had left, "is he your lover?"

"Nonsense, Maud!" answered Laura; "he is a friend of mine—he is the nephew of Mr. Glynford with whom I live, you know, at Bridgenorth House."

"Is he rich?" again questioned Maud.

"I believe he is very well off," said Laura, smiling.

"You are a lucky girl, then," said poor Maud, and for a moment gave an envious sigh. "He is so handsome; he is like what I shall make my Jasper in my new story. I did mean to make Jasper darker; but now I'll make him with brown hair and whiskers like Mr. Glynford. Oh, Laura, if you marry him!"

"Yes, if," said Laura, still smiling happily; "but ifs and ands, you know, Maud, are very precarious!"

"Then we should be no longer poor," said Maud. "Then, perhaps, he would help me to become known!"

CHAPTER VI.

BY THE SEA.

Laura Keane scarcely slept the whole night after William Glynford's visit. And Maud also was very restless.

Though Laura would not admit it, she, like her sister, hoped that brighter days were in store for them, and almost persuaded herself that Mr. Glynford had had a particular purpose in coming to Seaton-by-the-Sea.

So the girl lay restless, but full of hope. And her reflections were not altogether selfish. Again and again she thought of Maud—how she would cheer and brighten this hitherto cheerless life—how the child should have her books published, and how all her bright dreams and visions might be made to come true.

Once during the night she rose and kissed her pale young sister, on whom the moonlight was falling.

"I can't sleep," she said, as if half-apologizing for this act of affection. "I wish the morning would come!"

"So do I," said Maud. "I wish to-morrow were here."

To-morrow seemed to come very slowly. A thick fog from the sea made the night even darker than usual, but about eight o'clock a rosy colouring began to penetrate the white mist, and presently like smoke it vanished before the rays of the rising sun.

"It's going to be a fine day!" cried Maud, joyfully. "Oh, Laura, I trust and hope it will be a happy day for us!"

Laura did not speak. She was nervous and agitated, and could scarcely pour out the tea at breakfast; and when she went up to her mother's room, even Mrs. Keane noticed her manner.

"What is the matter with you, Sissy?" she said. "Your cheeks are flushed, and your hands are trembling. Who was the gentleman that called last night? I hope you told him I was indisposed?"

"Yes, mamma," answered Laura.

"And who was he, my dear?" again asked Mrs. Keane.

"He is Mr. Glynford's nephew, mamma—Mr. William Glynford," hesitated Laura.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Keane, with fresh interest.

"The Glynfords are rich, are they not, Sissy? Is this young gentleman well off?"

"I really do not know, mamma, said Laura, in an annoyed tone.

"Because, my dear," continued Mrs. Keane, whose delicacy of feeling had passed away long ago, "it would be such a good thing for us all if you could get well married! Don't think too much about love, Sissy—love is all very fine, but money is better; and if this young gentleman is rich——"

"Oh, mamma, don't talk in such a way!" interrupted Laura; and left her mother.

How could she expect that Mr. Glynford, when she had such a mother, would think of her, when she would bring him such a degrading connection!

But this painful thought had faded somewhat from the young girl's mind by the time that the clock had struck eleven. At this hour she was standing before the dim little looking-glass in her bedroom, carefully arranging her hat and jacket, and nervously preparing to go out to meet Mr. William Glynford on the sands.

Maud came into the room when she was doing this, and went up and kissed her sister, but said nothing. Still Laura understood what the poor child meant, and returned the little kiss very tenderly.

"But you mustn't take any nonsense into your head, dear, said Laura, smilingly, and trying to speak lightly. "Mr Glynford is only a friend, and has no intention of being more. And, indeed, you must not think——"

"I'll not think anything," interrupted Maud; "but do go, Laura, or you will be late, and will not see Mr. Glynford."

"Very well," said Laura; and, a few minutes later, was on the road to the sands.

The sun was now shining on the sea, and each wavelet that broke upon the shore was crowned with a golden glory of its own.

A beautiful sight this; but the girl hurried on, scarcely noticing it, for, in the distance, she saw a solitary figure, which her beating heart seemed to tell her was Mr. Glynford.

The solitary figure was standing close to the sea, apparently watching the waves break one after the other at his feet.

It was Mr. Glynford, Laura was sure; though he was in reality too far off for her to recognize him.

But, as she stood a moment hesitating, the solitary figure looked round, and then began walking rapidly towards her, and, four or five minutes later, Laura and Mr. William Glynford had met.

They were mutually embarrassed.

William Glynford liked Laura too much to feel quite at his ease with her under the circumstances, and Laura naturally felt very nervous.

"I did not know whether to call for you or not," began William Glynford; "but I thought, that as Mrs. Keane is ill——"

"Mamma is better to-day," said Laura, as Mr. Glynford hesitated.

"I am glad of that," he answered, gravely and kindly, looking with a certain amount of tender pity at the fair girl before him.

For he had heard all about the terrible family misfortune attached to this young girl's name.

His aunt at Farnhame had told him long ago that Miss Keane's mother was a drunkard, and that the young governess sent all her money home to support this unhappy woman.

And since he had been at Seaton-by-the-Sea he had heard still more.

In a little place like this in the winter season a visitor was so unusual that the landlord of the village inn, where William Glynford was staying, had, on the evening before, felt that it was his duty to go up-stairs and try to amuse his guest.

"And so you know the Keanes, sir?" said the landlord, after some preparatory remarks.

"I know the young ladies," answered Mr. Glynford, not particularly relishing this familiarity on the part of his host.

"Ay, it's a sad thing for them!" said the landlord, shaking his head. "And the doctor was a perfect gentleman! But it's just fallen like a curse upon them all!"

"You mean——" said William Glynford, uneasily.

"The old lady's love of the bottle! Ay, she's a good friend of us publicans! They do say she'd let yon bit deformed lassie starve rather than do without her drink!"

Glynford said nothing, and the publican talked on.

"They've had the bailiffs in, and no end of trouble this week, I'm told; and Miss Laura, the one that's the governess somewhere in the north, had to pay all her salary away, poor lass, and give a bond for the balance then left to get the man out on Christmas Eve! Ay! ay! it's a sad business; and she's a bonny lass, too; but who would wed her out of such a home?"

Again William Glynford moved uneasily, for the landlord's words were making a very painful impression on his mind, and he began almost to wish that he had not come to Seaton-by-the-Sea.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT THE NOTES.

The next morning things appeared to William Glynford in a very different light indeed.

At all events, he had promised to meet Laura Keane on the sands at eleven o'clock, and was bound in honour to keep his word.

And when he did meet her—when he saw the fair and gentle girl whom he admired so much looking a little pale, a little nervous and anxious,—great pity and tenderness for her seemed suddenly to flood his heart.

William Glynford was a generous, large-minded man; and when he looked at the young girl, and thought of her sorrowful fate and care-hardened home, he remembered, with no small satisfaction, that he was in a position to offer her a very different one.

So he spoke very kindly to her, and Laura brightened under the influence of his pleasant words.

"And, Mr. Glynford," she said presently, smiling, and looking up, "I have not thanked you yet for your beautiful Christmas-box." And she put her hand as she spoke to her throat, where the gold locket he had given her lay hidden beneath her collar. "It—it was so kind of you, but it was far too good for a Christmas-box."

"I am glad that you liked it," said William Glynford.

"I could not help liking it," answered Laura, softly; "and," she added, a moment later, "no one, I do assure you, has given me a Christmas-box since my poor father died until now!"

"He was a great loss to you?" said William Glynford, looking at her inquiringly.

Laura's lips quivered.

"I—I cannot speak of it even yet," she said. "It was indeed a heavy affliction to us!"

"And your young sister," continued William Glynford; "it must be very sad for her, your going from home?"

"All her life is sad!" said Laura, mournfully; "and she is so clever, and so sensitive, and feels everything so deeply; and—and the sad accident which happened to her when she was a child makes her so unhappy!"

"Then she was not born with this defect?" asked Mr. Glynford.

"No; she fell from my mother's arms," answered Laura, with unconscious bitterness.

"Poor girl!" said Mr. Glynford. "But I am sure she has one friend," he added, looking at Laura; "one friend who will, and does, try to lighten her burdens. I am sure you are always kind to her!"

"I try to be," said Laura; "but—but I can do very little!"

"You must hope for better times," said William Glynford, cheerfully. "Some day you may be able to do a great deal to help this young sister in every way, and I am sure that you will do it."

Laura felt that she blushed, and that her heart was beating very fast.

"For the present," went on Mr. Glynford, in his kind way, "is there anything that I can do for her?"

Laura blushed still more deeply, and hesitated.

She knew what was the poor child's dream; what was her passionate hope. She desired to be famous; would not accept the common lot of her sisterhood, and live and die as do most women.

The restless spirit in the stunted frame aspired to take its place among the great ones of the earth, and was ready to enter the arena, even before she had tried her strength.

"She writes," began Laura—"spends all her time in writing; and, of course, is very anxious to have her works published. Would you be so very kind, Mr. Glynford, as to read over some of her little pieces, and if you should think that they are good for anything——"

Mr. Glynford smiled kindly as Laura paused.

"Of course, I will gladly do this," he said, "though I am not much of a judge. But if Miss Maud will entrust some of her writings to me, I will read them, and I know a publisher in town that I think I could manage to make arrangements with about having them published."

"Oh, how good you are!" said Laura.

And the girl's voice faltered and broke, and her tears were ready to flow.

"If you knew," she continued, "all the joy that you are giving her, all the joy you are affording me——"

William Glynford was greatly moved, and put out his hand, and took Laura's.

"What nonsense!" he said, rather huskily. "Think not of it. Some day, Laura, I—I hope to see much more of you, Some day——"

As the words were actually trembling on his lips to ask her to be his wife, William Glynford, glancing nervously along the sands before them, perceived a figure approaching—the figure of a person he recognized—of a Farnhame man—of, in fact, Mr. Bingley, the draper, in Front street, and the brother of his uncle's wife.

"Why, confound him! here's Bingley, from Farnhame!" muttered Mr. Glynford, in a changed and annoyed voice.

And Laura, blushing, trembling, agitated, started violently when she heard that hateful name.

Yes; there he came walking towards them, with a sort of sneer curling round the corners of his coarse mouth, and a knowing and not very pleasant look in his shrewd, small eyes. He also felt very much amazed at finding a Farnhame man on the sands of Seaton-by-the-Sea.

He had come to the village on a little private business of his own, and did not care that Mr. William Glynford should know anything about it.

But there was no help for it.

Though in a different social position, the two Farnhame men were, of course, acquainted with

each other, and William Glynford, therefore, nodded as he met Mr. Bingley, and would have passed on with Laura.

But, to his surprise, Bingley stopped, and familiarly held out his hand to the young governess.

"Well, Miss Keane," said Mr. Bingley, "and how are you? And so you are here, Mr. Glynford, are you?"

"For a day or so," answered Glynford, rather expressively.

And then he glanced at Laura Keane.

And what did he see? A girl apparently almost overwhelmed with agitation; a girl pale, trembling, and speechless, instead of the bright, soft, blushing maiden who had been by his side a few moments ago.

So changed, indeed, was Laura's whole expression and appearance, that William Glynford gazed at her in absolute astonishment. And then he looked at Mr. Bingley. There was an almost insolent expression on the man's countenance, he thought, which he had never seen there before. He glanced from one to the other.

"What can be the meaning of this?" he thought. "What can Miss Keane have to do with this Bingley?"

But Bingley soon put his doubts to rest on this subject, for the next minute the draper addressed Miss Keane in a manner which plainly showed that he had some business with her.

"I called at your house a quarter of an hour ago, Miss Keane," he said, "as I wished to see you about that little affair which occurred before you left Farnhame, and they told me I would find you on the sands; though I didn't expect," he added, with a sort of laugh, "that I would find Mr. Glynford here as well."

Laura made no answer to this, and, in fact, appeared incapable of replying.

"If you have any business with Mr. Bingley, Miss Keane," said William Glynford, with unconscious coldness of tone, "perhaps I had better leave you?"

"If—if you please," said Laura, in trembling accents; and Mr. Glynford took off his hat and bowed, leaving Laura with Mr. Bingley, and feeling as he did so exceedingly disconcerted and annoyed,

No sooner was he gone than Bingley addressed Laura:

"I have come on a very unpleasant errand, Miss Keane," he said, "very unpleasant. You remember, of course, the transaction which took place between us just before Christmas, when you paid your account with certain notes?"

"Yes," faltered Laura.

"And you remember," continued Mr. Bingley, "that I received those notes under protest, and that I warned you not to attempt to pass any others coming from the same source? Yet I find that you have done this—in fact, you have brought down upon yourself the very danger I tried to warn you against!"

"Danger?" gasped Laura.

"A very serious danger," replied Mr. Bingley. "Now, young lady, you had better speak the truth. The notes you gave me at Farnhame, and those you have since passed at Seaton-by-the-Sea, were all marked, and were stolen from myself more than two years ago."

"Stolen?" repeated Laura.

"Yes, stolen," said Mr. Bingley; "and now you will help me to find the thief? Where did you get those notes, and from whom?"

"From no one," half sobbed poor Laura. "Oh, Mr. Bingley," she continued, "I will tell you the truth—you shall know all—but will you promise not to inform your sister?"

"That depends upon circumstances, said Bingley. "It may be my duty. If you are connected with any gang——"

"No, no!" cried Laura; "I am connected with no one! It was by an accident alone that I got these notes; I—I found them in one of the pockets of a second-hand portmanteau that I had bought at a broker's at Farnhame."

"A very extraordinary story!" said Bingley. "Perhaps you will give me the particulars?"

Then Laura, tremblingly, and with white lips, told her tale; told how she had bought this portmanteau; how it had remained in Mrs. Glynford's box-room until the night when she was packing to leave Farnhame for the Christmas holidays; and how, in one of the pockets, she had found the notes.

"And, Mr. Bingley," she continued, tearfully, "it—it was only under cruelly pressing circumstances that I made use of them! You do not know the miseries of my home! My mother had got all my salary when your bill came in, and I had no money to pay it with; no money at all, except just sufficient to pay my train fare, and so I thought——"

"But I warned you!" said Bingley, as Laura paused. "I took the notes you gave me for the bill, and said nothing. You are a nice-looking girl, and a pretty face goes a long way with a man like me. But I warned you not to try it on with any one else!"

"I—I know you did!" said Laura.

"And now you have got yourself into great trouble," went on Bingley, "by neglecting my advice. In fact, even if I were willing and ready to help you, I do not know how to do it now. To begin with, if this story of the portmanteau were true, you acted against the law in taking these notes."

"And—and what could they do to me?" gasped the poor girl.

"They could arrest you!" answered Bingley, coolly.

Laura gave a half cry.

"Oh, save me if you can, Mr. Bingley!" she said. "It is really true what I have told you! It was wrong—it was silly of me to take them! But—but I did not know what to do!"

"You had better have come to me, and told me you wanted money," said Bingley; "and I am not a man, as I said before, to be hard on a pretty girl. The case is this: You have passed stolen notes, and give only a lame account as to where you got them; and it is my duty—undoubtedly my duty—to give you in charge!"

As Bingley said this, again a cry broke from Laura's white lips, and she put out her hand and grasped Bingley's arm.

"Don't—don't, Mr. Bingley!" she cried. "It would destroy me—would ruin every one connected with me! I have a widowed mother—a poor, deformed sister; and if you do this,—if—if you should even tell Mrs. Glynford—what would become of them? Have mercy—oh, pray be merciful!"

Sobs choked her utterance, and Bingley looked at her, and a sort of pity for her stirred in his heart.

"Come, don't cry, my dear!" he said, laying his big red hand on the little trembling one grasping his arm. "I don't want to be hard; but you've got yourself, and me, too, into a most confounded scrape! You've paid away two more of these notes, haven't you, to Johnson, a grocer here at Seaton-by-the-Sea?"

"Yes," answered Laura.

"Exactly," said Bingley; "and this Johnson is own brother to a man whom I employ, and who was in my service when these notes were stolen from my establishment."

"And you think——" began Laura.

"I think nothing," said Bingley. "I am stating facts. Johnson, the grocer, has paid into the bank two of my stopped notes. I have received private information of this, and Johnson, the grocer, is at any moment liable to arrest. 'Where did you get these notes?" he will be asked by the police-officer. The man, of course, will answer that he got them from you. Do you see now? However willing to help you, I do not know how to do it. Johnson, the grocer, is own brother to Johnson the man in my establishment, and the police will naturally suspect that Johnson in my establishment stole the notes. To clear himself Johnson, the grocer, will, of course, accuse you!"

"But—but if I tell the truth?" faltered Laura.

"It won't much better your position, even if you get a jury to believe you," answered Bingley; "and in the meantime you will have to go to gaol."

"Can nothing be done?" Laura asked, hoarsely.

"Nothing unless I am such a soft fool," said Bingley, with a sort of laugh, and again attempting to take Laura's hand, "that for the sake of your pretty looks—come, you needn't be so shy, if I'm such a fool—but the only thing I can see my way to do with the hope to keep you out of the clutches of the police is to try to bribe them—not many men would do that for you, young lady—ay, to bribe them, indeed, and to pay this ten pounds, which, of course, Johnson, the grocer, thought was good money, into the bank myself!"

"Oh, would you do this, Mr. Bingley?" said Laura, imploringly. "Oh, if you would, I will do anything—toil my fingers off to repay you! And perhaps," she added, with a gleam of hope, "some one I know—Mr. William Glynford, in fact—if he were told the whole story, would help to pay this money, too. He is very kind, and——"

"No, no, my young lady," interrupted Bingley; "that won't do. If I consent to do this—consent to do what is wrong, mind ye—I'll have no one in the secret but ourselves. No Mr. William Glynford, if you please, for me. This is not Mr. Glynford's affair, but mine; and if I were to speak the word he could no more help you being arrested before the day is over than he could fly. Johnson, the grocer's evidence and mine would be sufficient for any magistrate in the land to grant a warrant on, and Mr. William Glynford would be quite unable to save you."

Laura's head fell low.

"Now let us understand each other, Miss Keane," continued Bingley. "I don't mean to be hard—I don't want to see a pretty girl like yourself dragged off to gaol between a couple of policemen, though she may have acted against the law, and made herself liable to penal servitude—no, I don't want to see it; and I shall have to pay heavily enough to hush this affair up, besides the ten pounds that Johnson placed in the bank; but I am ready and willing to do this under certain conditions, and one of these conditions is that neither William Glynford nor any of the Glynfords ever know anything about it."

Laura did not speak.

"What is this young man doing here?" went on Bingley. "He is nothing to you, is he—not an admirer, eh?"

"No, Mr. Bingley, he is nothing to me," answered Laura, her heart full of great sorrow and bitterness.

What, indeed, she was thinking, could he be now—now, when she was in Bingley's power—when at any moment he could disgrace her? She could have no hope ever to become William Glynford's wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT BINGLEY GAVE UP.

Before this interview with Bingley ended, he had agreed to do what he had proposed—namely, to endeavour to hush up the affair, by bribing his informant to keep it quiet.

"I am acting in a very friendly way to you, Miss Keane," he said, "and in return I shall expect you to treat me in a friendly manner when you go back to Farnhame. Meanwhile I will stay here a couple of days or so, and endeavour to arrange this matter before I leave."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bingley," said Laura, wearily.

She felt indeed exhausted a little in body and mind.

"You look tired," Bingley said. "Well, this has been a trying day for you, but I hope it will end well, after all. You can depend upon me; I'm a man of my word, and I'll get you out of this scrape if I can; and in helping you, I give up a chance of finding out who robbed me!"

"I—I scarcely understand!" said Laura.

"I'll tell you how it happened as we walk towards your home," continued Bingley, in a sort of patronizing, protecting tone, which made poor Laura wince. "You remember that little private office in the centre of my establishment at Farnhame? Well, one day, just two years ago, I was suddenly called out of it by a message from the house, that my late wife was in a fit. In my haste I left my keys on my desk, in which was my cash-box. I was with her, poor thing, about half an hour, when I remembered this. I went back at once to the office, and found my cash-box stolen. There was over fifty pounds in gold in it at the time, and twenty-five in notes, and I had the numbers of those notes in my pocket-book. Do you see now? These very notes were the notes you found in the second-hand portmanteau. They were stopped at the bank, of course, at once, and a detective employed; but they were never heard of, nor traced in any way, until you put them yourself into my hand. Do you follow me?"

"Yes; I think so," answered Laura, timidly.

"Because I want you to understand," proceeded Bingley, "what a chance I am giving up, in my desire to serve you, of finding out the man who robbed me! You say you bought this portmanteau of a broker. What broker was it?"

"They call the man Fearny," said Laura; "but I have the bill and can show it to you."

"Well, to trace the case, of course, the first thing to do would be to go to Fearny's," said Bingley, "and learn of whom he purchased the portmanteau. But to do this would be to bring your name before the public at once, and I do not care to do this."

Mr. Bingley said these last words slowly and with some emphasis, but Laura scarcely heeded him.

By this time they were in the village, were passing the village inn, and Laura was thinking of William Glynford, wondering if he were gone, if he would see her thus walking with Mr. Bingley.

And he did see her. After returning from the sands, where he had left Laura with Bingley, William Glynford had gone back to the inn in an exceedingly disturbed state of mind. He, in fact, could not comprehend what had taken place. "What could Bingley, the draper, have to say to this young girl?" he kept asking himself. Then he suddenly remembered the relationship of this man to his aunt by marriage, Mrs. Glynford, of Bridgenorth House. This made the acquaintance seem less extraordinary to William Glynford. Mr. Bingley might be the bearer of some message from his aunt to her governess, and with this idea Mr. Glynford tried to console himself, and stationed himself at the inn window, expecting every moment to see Bingley or Laura returning from the sands alone.

But when he did see them, they were still together. He saw Laura, looking pale, weary, distressed; and Bingley flushed and seemingly triumphant. The man's expression struck a cold chill into William Glynford's heart; and when, a few minutes later, Mr. Bingley himself entered the inn, and ordered lunch, William Glynford felt some difficulty in answering him coolly.

"It's funny that we should hit on each other in this out-of-the-way place, isn't it, Mr. Glynford?" said Bingley, approaching him.

"People are always casting up in odd places now-a-days," answered Glynford, coolly, taking up a two days' old newspaper.

"That's true," said Bingley. "Do you make any stay?"

"I think not," said William Glynford; and he turned away, and, taking his hat, went out into the village.

He walked twice past the old gray stone house where the Keanes lived before he had made up his mind as to what he would do. Then he remembered his promise to try to help Maud Keane, and made this his excuse to himself for calling as he rang the Keanes' door-bell.

He rang twice in vain; and as he stood, loud hysterical cries from within reached his ears.

"The wretched mother!" thought William Glynford. "Poor girls, I truly pity them!"

At this moment, the little maid of the house opened the door, with a very wild and scared look on her by no means clean countenance.

"Can I see Miss Keane—Miss Laura Keane?" asked William Glynford.

"Oh, no, sir!" answered the small handmaiden; "she's comed in awful bad, and that's her screaming and crying at the top of her voice. I'm sure I'm all of a fluster!"

"I am very sorry to hear Miss Keane is ill," said Mr. Glynford.

"She's awful bad, sir!" said the little maiden. "Mistress thinks something dreadful must have happened to her when she was out, for she was quite right afore she went, and now she's just like a crazy gal."

With these words ringing in his ears, William Glynford turned away, and an hour after had left Seaton-by-the-Sea. "What, indeed, could he do?" he asked himself. But he scarcely cared to acknowledge to himself in how miserable and disturbed a state of mind he returned to Farnhame.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THERE is a proposal to light the Admiralty Pier at Dover with the electric light. The Corporation of Liverpool have decided on lighting all the principal thoroughfares by electricity, beginning on February 1st, next.

THE announcement that Mr. Longfellow is to sit to Mlle. Bernhardt for his portrait does not surprise us any more than the statement in the Paris *Figaro* to the effect that there was a meeting of the Cabinet at Washington to consider the subject of collecting the duty on her wardrobe.

SEVERAL of our leading painters are building palaces. Millais has a magnificient house, and Edward Long has also built a splendid place, like the Spanish mansions, with a courtyard inside the four wings of the house, only the courtyard, instead of being open as it is in Spain, to enable the inmates to pass their days in the open air, is covered in with glass as being more suitable to an English climate. John Pettie, too, is building a grand house. The successful painters have had fine times of it of late years.

THERE is now a proposal to build a large circus almost close to the Westminster Aquarium. It has for some time been said that the capital of the empire does not possess a circus worthy of so great a city, and if the proposed building should be after the style of the Hippodrome at Paris, another addition would be made to the handsome and colossal edifice now being raised in London, and something more than the usual "scenes in the arena" could be attempted and would doubtless prove a great success.

A LAZY, and consequently penniless, young nobleman with a played-out pedigree recently took a practical resolution and had the rare pluck to carry it out. He had been living on a starving allowance for a year or so, rather than work and sweat for his daily bread, as becomes a *man* who wishes to be styled a *gentleman*. And so he resolved upon committing suicide. But upon the threshold of eternity he determined to have what he thought a good substantial dinner before taking a leap. He went into a favourite restaurant, where he astonished guests and waiters with an unscrupulous appetite, for he literally went through the entire menu, and as soon as he had had his "fill" he drew a revolver and blew his brains out.

ON Monday night week the *Times* night printers struck work, and most of them are now seeking new employment. Mr. Walter has determined that henceforth the *Times* shall be set by machinery. He has eleven machines in full work, and avers that though the cost is greater the work is more rapidly done. His machines, however, do not distribute the type; and he proposed to his night staff that they should spend five hours per night in preparing the cases for the machines. They objected. He granted them an interview, but would listen to nothing they had to say as to the cost of the new system. "That's my business," was his only remark. They therefore unanimously left his employ.

AMONGST the list of "originals" proposed for the characters in *Endymion* there has been no satisfactory solution of "Myra." To those at all acquainted with Lord Beaconsfield's earlier life there can be no doubt that under this cloak he intended to convey to the world at large some faint idea of the influence exercised over him by his own sister, Miss Louisa Disraeli. Even more than his wife, she was a believer in her brother's future greatness, and there is no doubt that he turned to her as much for consolation in his disappointments as for sympathy in his triumphs. Amongst her other warm friends Miss Disraeli counted Grace d'Aguilar, the novelist, who introduced her as her leading character into her most successful tale, *Home Influence*. Miss Disraeli died about twenty years ago, before her brother had reached the highest honours in store for him.

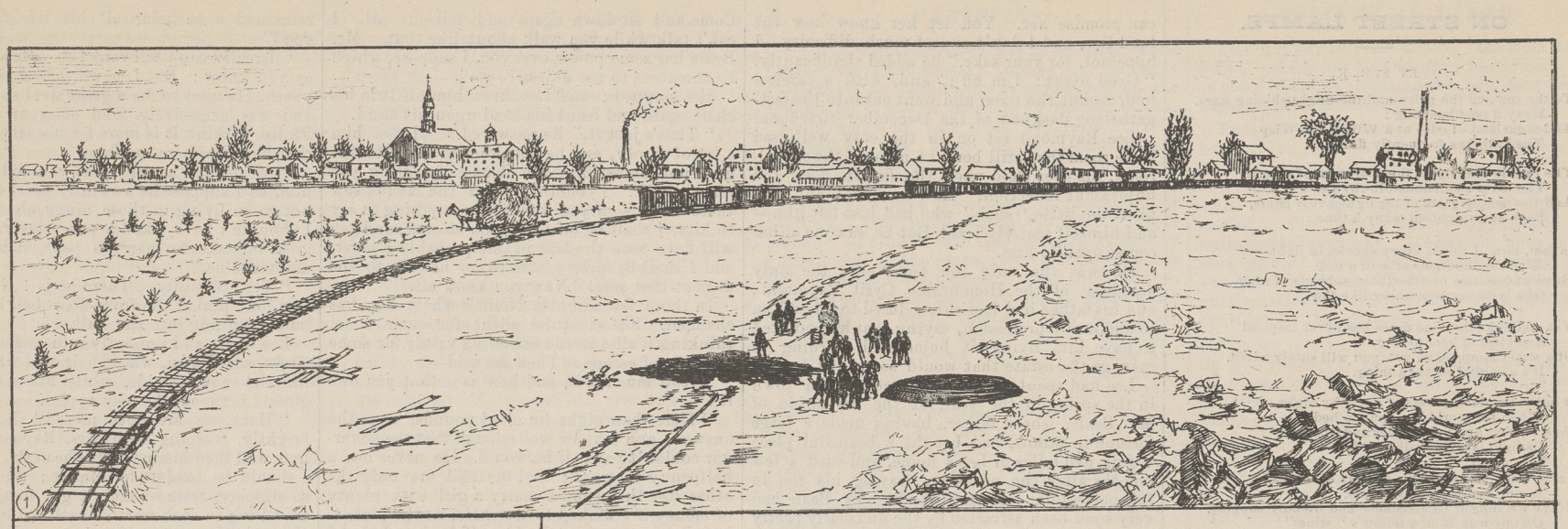
FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision; at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace

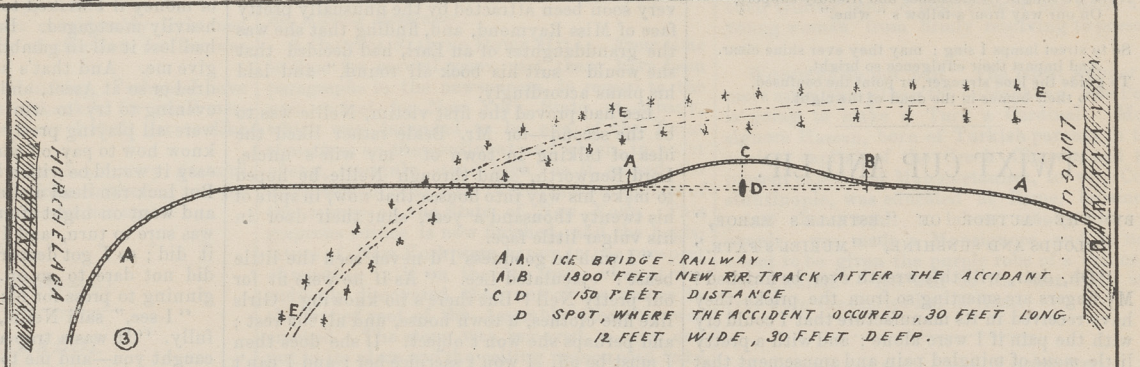
A LADY'S WISH.

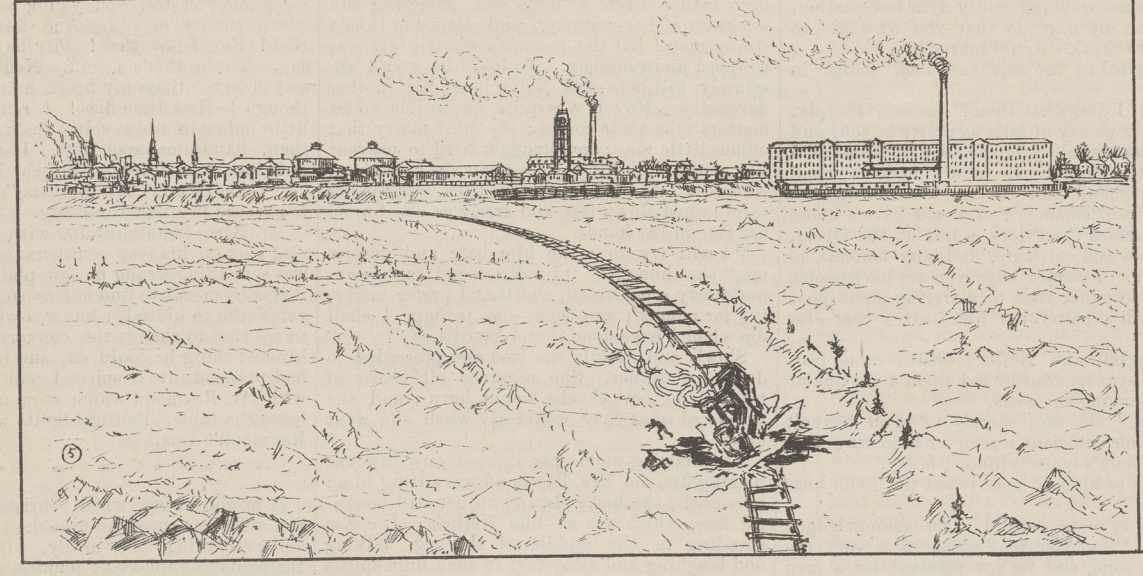
"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

1. STALKING A WARY ONE. 2. THE RETURN TO CAMP. 3. THE CUP THAT CHEERS BUT NOT INEBRIATES.

CARIBOO HUNTING IN CANADA.







1. VIEW, LOOKING TOWARDS LONGUEUIL. 2. GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONGST THE NATIVES. 3. MAP OF THE ICE-BRIDGE-RAILWAY, FROM SHORE TO SHORE. 4. THE ACCIDENT
5. VIEW, LOOKING TOWARDS HOCHELAGA. 6. MEASURING THE THICKNESS OF THE ICE.

SKETCHES ON THE ICE RAILROAD, A LOCOMOTIVE GONE ASTRAY.

ON STREET LAMPS.

BY F. S. K.

To the sun and the moon and the bright shining stars,
Many a poet has sung;
And a garland of odes at a Will-o'-the-Wisp
The bard has frequently flung.

The candle that lights the cool room of a maid,
The lover's embalmed in rhyme.
And the beacon glare of the light-house flame,
Been apostrophised many a time;

In fact, now, I think, every species of light,
E'en the luminous orbs of a cat,
Have at one time or other been subjects of song,
Of a lyric—or something like that.

Yet methinks the kind muse has never inspired
A subject of hers to sing,
Of a street lamp,—and yet, you will surely admit,
It's a capital sort of a thing.

It lights the dark streets of a city by night,
When the world has gone to bed
And on rich and poor, sober and drunk,
Its light is impartially shed.

In its usual place, on the corners of streets,
In our happy boyhood time,
Have we sought its assistance and friendly support,
On our way from a fellow's "wine."

So to street lamps I sing; may they ever shine clear.
And impart their effulgence so bright,
To guide the lone stranger, or point the confused,
To their homes in the dead of the night.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTELLE'S ERROR," "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," "MURIEL'S FATE."

"Oh, dear, will this wreath ever be finished? My fingers are smarting so from the pricks they have received in its manufacture that I could cry with the pain if I were alone; and with a pretty little *moue* of mingled pain and amusement that was very betwitching, Nellie Raymond looked up at the dark handsome face that was bending over her.

"I can't think why young ladies are so fond of church decorating," answered Ned Vignoles, as Nellie proceeded with the tying of her wreath. "Why don't you draw your designs and make the carpenter and the gardener execute them? They would probably do it far better."

"Thank you, Mr. Ned, for your very complimentary speech," returned Nellie, brightly; "but with all due deference, allow me to believe that they would not do it one quarter so well. If you are tired of holding this, pray say so, and I will ring for Simpson. One man does as well as another."

Ned Vignoles laughed with a happy consciousness that Miss Nellie did not really think that any man would so well as himself; but he did not answer; and a stout young man who was leaning against the mantelpiece said slowly—

"I am here, Miss Raymond. Pray do not ring for the butler when you have so humble a servant at your elbow!"

Nellie Raymond's pretty face grew grave and cold in a moment.

"Thank you, Mr. Beale," she answered stiffly, "but I do not think Mr. Vignoles is in earnest. I need not trouble you. There, Ned," she added brightly, "It is done now, and I am going to take it to the Rectory; and, as you have been so good and patient, you shall have the honour and felicity of escorting me. Come along—my hat and jacket are in the hall;" and, followed by Ned Vignoles, she left the room.

Mr. Beale's fat face flushed crimson, and an ugly look darkened his plebian countenance as he turned to his companion, a young man of six and twenty years, in whose bright chesnut hair, dark eyes and handsome features there was such a strong likeness to Nellie that there was no doubting their relationship.

"Look here, Raymond," he said surlily, as he threw himself into an easy chair; "I'm not going to stand this sort of thing much longer. She's always carrying on with that fellow and being offish to me; and I don't like it."

"Lee Raymond laughed uneasily.

"Don't be a muff, Beale," he answered. "You don't understand girls a bit. They are never free and pleasant like that to a man when they are in love with him. It's always a bad sign. Ned and Nellie have been playmates and chums ever since she could run alone. She wouldn't think of treating you like that of course."

"That's all very fine," returned the other rudely, "but I'm not such a fool as you think. You told me a fortnight ago that you would sound her and find out when I might speak; you've never done so; and, by Jove, it must be one thing or another soon! Either Miss Nellie accepts me or I write to your governor about those bills!"

"All right; I'll speak to her this evening. But I'm sure she doesn't care for Vignoles. I suppose," he added, in a would-be careless tone, "that if she should care about him, you'd be off—give up all thought of her?"

"I don't say that," said Mr. Beale, rising from his seat. "Girls never know their own mind, and a fancy like that would soon die out if she were once married. She suits my taste—good style, good family, deuced pretty girl, and with just sufficient spirit to give her piquancy. I've never seen a girl before I should care to make Mrs. Beale, or the post wouldn't be vacant now, I fancy. Twenty thousand a year doesn't often get a refusal, ha, ha! but I'd make her a good husband. She should have everything she wished for—and that's more than young Vignoles can promise her. You let her know how the land lies, and I don't expect much difficulty—I hope not, for your sake," he added significantly. "Good night; I'm off;" and, with a careless nod, he left the room and went out into the fast-gathering darkness of the December afternoon.

Lee Raymond sat on in the cosy well-used little room that still bore the name of the school-room, his eyes fixed upon the fire in deep and unpleasant reflection. How he hated and despised the little "snob" who had just left him—and himself scarcely less! But he saw no other course open to him.

He was the only son and Nellie the only daughter of the Honourable Cyril Raymond; and his father had foolishly refused to allow him to adopt any profession, saying that he preferred to have him living at home and learning to manage the estate that would some day be his.

Lee had spent a couple of months in town in the spring of the year, at the invitation of Mr. Beale, whose father, having made a large fortune in tallow, had bought a beautiful place within five miles of Lee's home, and died a few months after the purchase, leaving his son in full possession. Marmaduke Stanley Beale had very soon been attracted by the unusually pretty face of Miss Raymond, and, finding that she was the granddaughter of an Earl, had decided that she would "suit his book all round," and laid his plans accordingly.

Lee had proved the first victim, Nellie was to be the second—for Mr. Beale rather liked the idea of talking in town of "my wife's uncle, Lord Renworth," and through Nellie he hoped to make his way into houses that now, in spite of his twenty thousand a year, shut their door in his vulgar little face.

"I wish to goodness I'd never seen the little beast!" ejaculated Lee. "As if he were fit for our pretty Nell! But there's no knowing. Girls like fine clothes, a town house, and all the rest; and perhaps she won't object. If she does then I must be off. I won't sacrifice her; and I can't face the governor. I can but ask her."

At that moment the door opened, and his sister peeped in. How pretty she looked, with cheeks glowing from her cold walk—or Ned's speeches—and eyes sparkling with health and happiness!

"All alone, Lee? she asked. "Then I'll come in and have a chat. Ned has gone off in a huff because for propriety's sake I asked Charlie Stewart to walk back with us." And throwing her hat and sealskin jacket upon a table, she drew a chair up to the fire and put her little boots on the fender.

"I think you did quite right," returned her brother; and Ned ought to have known it. People will be talking about you soon, not understanding that you are only old friends, and it might stand in your way with other fellows."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Nellie quickly. "I don't want any 'other fellows' after me. I did it just to tease Ned—not that I really cared what people would say."

"But you ought to care, Nellie. Girls can't afford to laugh at Mrs. Grundy; and if I hadn't been thinking of other things, I should have come to fetch you myself; but I am awfully worried just now."

"Are you, dear old boy? I'm so sorry!"—and the girl stretched out a sympathising hand to her brother. "Tell me what's the matter; and, if I can't help you, it may do you good to have a good talk about it."

"But you are the only person who can help me," rejoined the young man quickly. "I've been wanting to speak to you for a long time, Nellie, but I hardly ever get you alone for ten minutes. The fact is, I want you to be a little more civil to Beale than you are. Keep him in a good temper—do not snub him as you do."

An angry flush crimsoned Nellie's cheeks, and she opened her lips to speak, but her brother went on hastily.

"I know he's not first-rate or good-looking; but he's not a bad sort altogether He's very rich, and he has taken a great fancy to you; and I want you, for my sake, to be civil to him."

"But why, Lee?" asked Nellie quietly, though her heart was throbbing wildly with indignation. "You can't mean to say that you wish me to lead him to think I would marry him?"

Lee fidgeted in his seat and took refuge in crossness.

"And if I did, what then?" he said sharply. "There are plenty of girls as pretty as you, and prettier, who would jump at twenty thousand a year and the Priory. He would make a good-natured husband, and you could soon make him more of a gentleman. You would have a house in town besides the Priory, a box at the Opera, swell horses and carriages, and any amount of pin-money. I should hope you are too sensible a girl not to prefer that to marrying some poor beggar with a paltry few hundreds a year—for love."

He stopped, and Nellie's breath came fast, while her eyes remained fixed upon a particular jet of gas among the coals.

"Go on," she said shortly. "You haven't yet given me sufficient reason for becoming Mrs. Beale. There's more behind, I fancy."

Lee rose to his feet and paced the room hurriedly.

"There is more behind," he acknowledged bitterly; "but you dont speak in a very encouraging tone, and its not pleasant for a man to make a clean breast to a younger sister when she assumes that tone. I used to think you were fond of me, Nell; but it seems I'm mistaken."

The girl's face softened.

"You know I'm fond of you, Lee," she said gently; "I did not mean to speak unpleasantly. Come and sit down again and tell me all. I can't talk while you walk about like that. Mr. Beale has some power over you, I suppose, which he threatens to use unless I——"

She stopped; and Lee threw himself into his chair again and leant his head upon his hand.

"That's just it," he answered. "I owe him a lot of money, and he threatens to speak to the governor unless he sees a chance of getting you for his wife. I couldn't stand the awful row there'd be; so if you won't have anything to say to him, I shall be off to Canada at once, and you will have seen the last of me probably forever, and I shall be pretty sure to go utterly to the dogs at that rate. Now you know all."

In those few minutes Nellie's whole life was changed. She sat quite silent for some time, thinking it all out and searching vainly for some loophole of escape. Then she said—

"How much is it, and how is it that you owe it?"

"More than eight hundred pounds," was the answer; and I know well enough that the governor couldn't pay it if he would. He never has a halfpenny to spare; and he told me only the other day that I must marry a girl with plenty of money if I wished to live here, as the place is heavily mortgaged. Besides, if he heard that I had lost it all in gambling, he would never forgive me. And that's how it was. I lost a hundred or so at Ascot, and Beale persuaded me one evening to try to win it back at cards. They were all playing pretty high, and, as I didn't know how to pay off what I owed, I thought how easy it would be with a little luck to win it back. But luck ran dead against me, and I got mad, and went on night after night, Beale saying luck was sure to turn, and I might draw on him till it did; so I got deeper and deeper in debt, till I did not dare to go on. But now Beale is beginning to press for his money."

"I see," said Nellie, her lip curling disdainfully. "It was a trap all through; and he has caught you—and me too, I suppose."

"Not if you dislike him or care for anybody else, Nell," answered her brother quickly. "I'll be off; you sha'n't be sacrificed for me. But I thought you would get on very comfortably with him, and have every luxury in life; in fact, it is what most people would call a very good match."

Nellie smiled, a bitter half-smile that Lee did not care to see.

"Oh, yes, I dare say I shall not mind much by-and-by! But I don't care to talk about it just yet. I have hardly taken it in. I suppose he doesn't expect me to to tell him I will marry him on the strength of what you have said?"

"Oh, no! It need not come exactly to an engagement yet; only don't snub him. Be civil and pleasant to him, and try to like him if you can."

"Yes, I will. And you'll never talk again of going to Canada, Lee? That would break mamma's heart, I believe, and I should never be happy again."

Lee took her hand and pressed it.

"No fear, Nell. I don't want to go of course. You are a good sort, and no mistake! But, if I see you looking unhappy, I shall have to go."

Nellie stooped, and kissed the handsome upturned face, and then, taking her hat and jacket from the table, went away.

Nellie sat down on a low chair when she reached her room to think it all over and collect her scattered ideas. An hour before she was one of the happiest girls in England and now she wished herself dead—but then there wouldn't be nobody to stand between Lee and ruin. Still she never thought of flinching. The idea of letting Lee suffer for his own fault sooner than sacrifice herself never once occurred to her. Girl as she was, four years his junior, there was so much more strength in her nature than his that the usual positions were reversed, and hers was the protecting love.

She knew that he had spoken the truth in saying that he could not not and would not stay to face his father's anger, and, further, that he would go to ruin at a hand-gallop if once thrown on his own resources. Mr. Raymond had always been rather severe with his son, detecting the weakness of his character, and despising it as a strong man; but the mother's whole heart was wrapped up in her boy. To lose him would absolutely kill her—and Nellie loved her mother devotedly. No; it was quite impossible to let matters take their course; she must marry that odious little man, and struggle hard to prevent Lee or the world from seeing how she hated him. And Ned? Nellie broke down then, and the hot tears rained down fast and freely as she buried her face in her hands.

"I will try to make him hate and despise me," she thought. "I will pretend that I cannot marry a poor man, and that I prefer marrying for money; and then—oh, perhaps I shall die when I have done it and saved Lee!"

Slowly and wearily she rose and proceeded to dress for dinner, She removed all traces of tears; but her cheeks would burn; and she wondered what they would say when she went down.

The drawing-room was lighted only by the blazing fire, and Mrs. Raymond was sitting in an easy-chair, the blaze playing on her still beautiful face, which was so like Nellie's. Lee was standing in the middle of the rug, talking and laughing and altogether in such high spirits that his mother's eyes were beaming.

"How late Mr. Berners is!" he exclaimed as Nellie entered. "Has there been a break-down on the road, I wonder, or has some forlorn maiden, detecting signs of bachelorhood, carried him off by force? Mother, is it true that he has remained a bachelor all his life for love of you?"

"I really can't tell you, Lee. He says so now, as you know; But I never heard of it in my youth. He used to be a great deal at our house, and was excessively fond of your poor uncle Philip. I think it is more for his sake than mine that he comes here so often."

"Ah, well, I'm very glad you did not marry him, as I suppose he's awfully poor, or he would not go on living in those dingy chambers; and I shouldn't have liked a poor governor! It's a great mistake to marry a poor man; isn't it, mother mine."

"Yes, certainly. There he is! Go out, Lee" as a loud peal at the front-door bell brought the butler running into the hall.

Lee went, and presently returned with a brisk, slight, small man, whose hair and whiskers were like the snow outside, while his round cheeks glowed between like rosy apples.

"Here we are once more!" he exclaimed brightly, grasping both Mrs. Raymond's hands first, and then kissing Nellie heartily. "Thought I should be too late for dinner; the rails were so slippery, trains couldn't get along. No joke travelling in such weather as this, I can tell you. Been skating yourself into a skeleton, Nellie, eh?"

"Judge for yourself," answered Nellie, smiling; "but the ice on the marshes is splendid! Of course you have brought your skates?"

"Yes, I've brought them, child. Well, Mary, just as pretty and young as ever, I declare! You'll beat Ninon de Thingammy soon. Now, Lee, come along and show me my room. Wash my hands, at any rate! Don't wait for me, Mary—down in ten minutes. Where's the governor?" And away he trotted, waiting for no answer, his merry chatter never ceasing up the broad oak staircase and along the corridor till his bedroom door slammed behind him.

"Dear little man!" exclaimed Nellie, sitting down on the rug. "I think he is the only person in the world of whom I should care to ask a favour. I wish he were very rich."

"What can you want him to be rich for? You have everything in the world you can possibly desire. I never heard your father refuse you anything yet, you spoilt child."

"And what does she want now?" asked Mr. Raymond who had entered the room in time to catch the last words—he was a tall aquiline-nosed man, slight and erect, with iron-gray hair, short dark whiskers and a thin-lipped firm mouth that had often made Lee's heart sink. "Not another new dress surely? You have only just got that brown velvet-and-fur costume that disturbs all the other young ladies' devotions."

"No, dear papa"—and Nellie took the thin hand in hers caressingly. "I think you spend a great deal too much money on me as it is. You bring me dresses fit for a princess every time you go up to town,"

Mr. Raymond laughed as he looked down at the pretty upturned face. His daughter held the softest place in his not too soft heart.

"Never mind, Nell; I shall expect you to marry a duke or an earl at least in return. Here comes our friend Berners. Now for dinner."

Five minutes later they were all sitting round the dinner-table, Miss Hughes, an old lady of seventy who had been governess both to Mrs. Raymond and Nellie, making a sixth. She no longer lived with them, but, like Mr. Berners, always came to spend her Christmas at Neville's Court. Nellie was thankful that Lee was in such spirits; his tongue rivalled that of Mr. Berners, and her own silence passed unnoticed. When the dessert was on the shining mahogany—for Mr. Raymond adhered to the good old custom—and the servant had left the room, the brisk old gentleman turned sharply on her exclaiming—

"Well, Nellie, been breaking any new hearts lately with those eyes of yours?"

Nellie shook her head, with a smile; but Lee exclaimed—

"Ah, you should have been at the bachelor's ball last week and seen how they all flocked round her? I began to think I ought to be proud of her."

"Time you did, you young scamp! She is worth twenty of you. And how's my friend Ned? Fine fellow that! Pity he isn't the eldest son. The brother's a muff. Ned's a fine manly sort of boy. Bless my heart, he must be thirty, though? How time flies! I remember him a little fellow in a blue velvet frock. Pretty child then, handsome man now. I suppose all the girls lose their heats to him, eh, Nellie?"

"I don't know, Mr. Berners," answered Nellie, trying to speak carelessly.

Mr. Berners watched her with a slightly puzzled look on his rosy countenance. That there was something wrong he saw plainly, and what it was he meant to find out as soon as he could get Nellie to himself; but was wise enough now to see that to change the conversation was the kindest thing he could do, and in a moment he had plunged into a spirited political discussion with Mr. Raymond which soon made the ladies leave the table. Political fights were not in Mr. Raymond's line.

* * * * * * * *

A bright, crisp, white Christmas Day, with just sufficient sunshine to make the snow glitter and everything look lovely, without reducing the roads to unpleasant puddles or endangering the ice.

Nellie's heart felt light in spite of the black future that lay before her, and after a final glance at the pretty radiant face in the glass, she ran downstairs to breakfast.

"A merry Christmas to you all!" she cried,

passing round for a kiss, her eyes fixed all the while upon her plate, where lay three or four little parcels. "Oh, what a lot of presents! How delightful?"

Her exclamations continued as she opened the papers containing a beautiful gold bracelet, a gold pencil-case, an ivory Prayer-book, and a five-pound note; and guesses from whom they came followed. Most of the donors were soon discovered; but one present, a turquoise-blue enamel bracelet with the words "Forget me not," puzzled her entirely.

"Never mind! I shall soon find out," she said, clasping it round her wrist. "I'll wear it at church to-day and question all whom I suspect. I wonder if the decorations were finished last night? They were not nearly completed at four o'clock, when I came in; and old Burton was growling like a bear at everybody in turn. Mr. Stewart said it was because he had pricked his fingers till he was ready to cry. I know I did;" and with a rueful countenance she held up her scarred hands.

"My dear Nell, you should have worn gloves!" exclaimed her mother.

"Ned was right when he said it was not work for girls," put in Lee.

"Ned's a bear—worse than old Burton," retorted his sister. "Mrs. Beale was there in a violet velvet dress, followed by a footman carrying a great silver jug of mulled claret, which she dispensed all round. Ned said it would taste of dips, and he would not have any; but I was very glad of it."

"Nellie has a due appreciation of the fleshpots of Egypt. She would make a bad poor man's wife," remarked Lee, as he went to the sideboard for a second portion of game-pie.

"She would make a good wife to any man, rich or poor," returned Mr. Berners sharply. "I've a great mind to ask her to be mine."

"Don't, unless you mean it," said Nellie laughing; "because I should probably say 'yes.'"

"No, you wouldn't, Miss Impudence. I know what would prove a very big objection, or my name's not John Berners."

Nellie's face glowed, and she bent down to feed her little rough terrier Quiz, a gift from Ned two years before. When she raised her head the light had died out of her face, and she soon rose saying she must go and get ready for church.

Very bright and pretty the little church looked with its Christmas texts and wreaths; and warm cheery greetings passed form mouth to mouth when, service ended, the congregation poured out. Ned Vignoles stood by the church door, a doubtful look on his handsome face as Nellie approached him. There was a sad wistful look in her soft dark eyes as she extended a little gloved hand, which soon tingled with the grasp it received.

"Glad to see you are in a better temper this morning, Miss Nell," remarked Ned. "I suppose you think you'll have nobody to put your skates on this afternoon except Dips. I'm not quite sure I shall forgive you all the same."

"I have Mr. Berners," returned Nellie lightly. "And sha'n't let you put my skates on or help me at all; so, there sir! We are thinking of getting married soon! 'Nellie Berners,' sounds pretty I think."

"Prettier than 'Nellie Beale'—and you'll have a chance of that soon. Here comes the faithful Dips, by all that's unlucky? Give him a good snub, and send him off. I don't want my Christmas temper spoilt."

Nellie cast a frightened glance behind her and turned deathly pale.

"I can't, Ned," she whispers hurriedly. "But don't go, please; take my books."

She thrust her books hastily into his hands, by way of an excuse to keep him at her side, and then tried to answer civilly the greeting of her admirer. There was a ring of complacency in his tone which made her heart sink, for she felt sure that it came from some hint of Lee's; but she answered with a courteous grace that in reality kept him quite as much at a distance as her former brusquerie; whilst Ned, head in air, stalked silently along, wondering what on earth she meant by encouraging "the little beast."

How thankful Nellie was when they reached the drive-gate, though she felt bound to dismiss both her cavaliers at once. But she did not ask for her books, and Ned did not return them. He carried them off for a hundred yards, and then, exclaiming "by Jove I've got Miss Raymond's books! Don't wait for me," ran back to where Nellie still lingered, following, though slowly, the others towards the house.

"Here are your books, Nell," said Ned, holding them out as she turned and faced him. "But what on earth made you play me such a trick? Why didn't you send Dips off?"

Nellie patted the frozen snow with her foot, and kept her head down as she answered—

"How could I help it? He has as much right to walk with me as you have."

Ned looked hard at her; but she would not meet his eyes.

"I don't understand your game, Nellie," he said shortly; "but once for all, you don't have both of us with you again; so take you choice. Good-bye;" and without offering his hand he turned and strode off, whilst Nellie, with swimming eyes and aching heart, went on her homeward way.

Mr. Berners stood in the porch waiting for her, and putting his hand under her chin, raised her unwilling face to his.

"Tears, little woman?" he said kindly "What's up—been quarrelling with Master Ned?"

"Yes, as usual. I ought not to mind by this time; but I get so spoilt at home that I can't stand cross speeches from other people. That's my objection to marrying you—I should get more spoilt than ever."

"Then you'd better marry a cross fellow like Ned Vignoles," returned Mr. Berners slyly; but Nellie shook her head, saying with a forced lightness—

"Too poor; I must have a rich husband, as Lee says."

"Lee be shot! You'll marry whom I tell you to marry, or I'll not leave you a penny. Now go and take off that killing bonnet and come to luncheon. I want to be off to the ice."

With a heavy heart Nellie went upstairs, longing to tell her kind old friend all her trouble.

Lee was standing in the hall when she came down again, ostensibly brushing his hat, but in reality waiting for her—he had an uncomfortable conviction that he had cast a heavy load upon his sister. He passed his arm affectionately round her when she joined him, and giving her a kiss, said warmly—

"You are a little brick, Nell, and have given me a very different Christmas from what I expected. Beale is in the seventh heaven at not having had his nose snapped off."

She smiled, her heart considerably lightened by this unusual display of affection, for Lee was not demonstrative.

"I was only just civil to him. Perhaps I have been rude before. He is thankful for small mercies apparently. I dare say I shall get to like him better by-and-by."

"Most likely. Anyhow I am very grateful to you for keeping him from bothering me for the present;" and Lee kissed her again.

* * * * * * * *

(To be continued.)

GARIBALDI.

The mere narrative of Garibaldi's life reads like a mediæval legend or a tale of heroic times. He is at once the Ulysses and the Achilles of the Italian national epic. Long before his name had been heard in Europe, his exploits, both by sea and land, had made it a word of power in the New World. Having been involved in revolutionary intrigues, he quitted Europe in 1835 for South America, only to return after twelve years' exile, the story of which, with its stirring adventures both of battle and peaceful enterprise, is as romantic as any subsequent portion of his wonderful career. In 1848 Garibaldi returned to Europe, allured, like so many other Italian patriots, by the promise, soon to be blighted, of Pio Nono's accession as "the Liberal Pope." But though he soon found that his hopes in that direction were to be disappointed, Garibaldi did not return in vain. His share in the defence of Rome against the troops of the French Republic under General Oudinot and his victory over the Neapolitans in the campaign of Velletri served to show his countrymen that they would not want a leader ready to go all lengths when the time came. The time did not come for another ten years, and the intervening period was one of sorrow and humiliation for Garibaldi.

After the disastrous Roman campaign, ending with the occupation of Rome by the French troops and the overthrow of Mazzini's triumvirate, Garibaldi was hunted from place to place; two of his devoted friends were taken by the Austrian troops and shot without any form of trial; his heroic wife Anita, the companion of all his adventures and perils, succumbed to the exposure and privation of his flight, and the General himself only escaped from his more implacable foes to be arrested by Sardinian troops and carried to Genoa, where La Marmora, who held the command, allowed him to retire to Tunis.

When Victor Emmanuel made his peace with Austria, and the hopes of Italy seemed extinguished for the moment, Garibaldi once more crossed the Atlantic and settled in New York as a tallow chandler. He returned to Europe in 1835, and in 1859 the war between France and Austria brought him again into the field. All the world recollects the exploits of the Chasseurs des Alps, whom Garibaldi organized for mountain warfare, and led with consummate daring along the sub-Alpine ranges and to the very summit of the Stelvio Pass before the sudden peace of Villafranca put an end for the moment to the rising hopes of Italian patriots and statesmen. Still more familiar is the story of the campaign of the following year, which was begun in Sicily by Garibaldi and a few devoted followers, and ended in a few months at Naples, when the victorious patriot, who took no reward for himself and asked for none, handed over the Crown of the Two Sicilies to Victor Emmanuel and retired to his farm in Caprera.

This was the crowning point of Garibaldi's eventful career. Here end not, indeed, his efforts, but his direct achievements, in the cause of his country's freedom. The crowning of the edifice was reserved for other hands than his and the task was to be accomplished by other means than he knew how to employ.—*London Times.*

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

VARIETIES.

WHEN Professor Stowe was at Andover, while preaching a preparatory lecture on Saturday afternoon, he found some notices lying on the desk and at the proper time for reading the announcements he took them and read: "The funeral of Mrs. Jones will be attended next Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock," the ladies' sewing society will meet at the house of Mrs. Professor Barrows Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock," "the sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered in this church next Sunday afternoon," "the preparatory lecture Saturday afternoon at three o'clock." And then, as Prof. Park who told us the story said, an idea visibly entered his head, coming down as plainly through the air as a bird is seen to light upon a twig. Prof. Stowe began to stammer and said, "Perhaps—perhaps this last notice ought to have been read last Sabbath," and after pondering a moment he said, "Perhaps the one before it should," and then with an expression of great impatience added, "Perhaps they all should," and finally when he saw the congregation all smiling, he said, "You have no business to leave these old notices here in the pulpit.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

A CAPITOL SLIDING DOWN HILL.—From time to time for several years past there have been paragraphs in the newspapers in regard to the new capitol for New York State at Albany, which was intended to be one of the finest structures on the continent and which, in point of cost, certainly, stood high, as it caused the disbursement of at least twelve million dollars of the money of the State of New York. This gorgeous edifice is now finished, and the Legislature of New York were happy in the prospect of meeting in it on the 6th inst., when it was suddenly discovered that one of the stones in the arched roof of the Assembly Chamber was cracked. The stone was removed, a new one put in its place and the ceiling pronounced to be as good as new. But this discovery at once opened out a larger question, which is likely to prove more exciting to the legislators than any bill they will be called upon to discuss this session, however important it may be. It is declared by men competent to judge, that the cracking of the dome is only a prelude to its final destruction, and that, not only is the dome liable to fall at any time, but that the entire structure is slowly but surely sliding down hill. Consider the feelings of a legislative body compelled to work under a threatening dome of granite, compared to which the sword of Damocles would be but a feather.

THE LAST OF THE PUGILISTS.—The professional English pugilists are fast passing away. William Thompson, or "Bendigo," died on the 24th of August last, a local preacher and a reformed man; and now we are informed that Bill Perry, *alias* "The Tipton Slasher," died of excessive drunkenness on Christmas eve. Perry's notoriety as a pugilist began in 1858, when he claimed the title of Champion of England through his victory over Tom Paddock at Woking. It was by a foul that the Slasher won the championship; by a foul he lost it, on the 29th of September, 1851, to Henry Broome, at Mildenhall. Broome forfeited when challenged to a return match, and the Slasher's claims to supremacy were not disputed for a long time. Owing to difficulties about matching him the title was contended for in 1856 by Broome and Paddock, but the latter, though victorious, was unable to hold the position, and when the famous new belt was given Perry defended it against the rising star of the ungentle science—Tom Sayers—who beat him for the trophy and £200 a-side on the Isle of Grain, June 16, 1857. After this date the Tipton Slasher's name dropped out of public attention. If we are not mistaken, it was he who was matched against an "Unknown" that proved to be Freeman, the American giant, who stood 6 feet 10½ inches, and whom his prudent antagonist declined to "tackle," alleging that he was prepared "to fight a man, but not a mountain."

THE Royal Mausoleum is completed and has been opened to invited guests. The beautiful burial-place of the Prince Consort has been erected at the Queen's sole expense, and cost about two hundred thousand pounds. It lies in the midst of rare shrubs in the gardens of Frogmore, and many of the trees have an inscription, telling when they were planted by various members of the royal family. The mausoleum is a work of the utmost magnificence. The richest Venetian mosaics, by D. Salviati, are employed in ceilings and walls. Magnificent paintings adorn each transept, the subjects being the Nativity, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Our Lord. Marble paneling, bas reliefs in statuary marble, and others in terra cotta, are around, and various texts in English and in German meet the eye. The whole floor is of the most beautiful inlaid polished marble, and in the centre stands the sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of the Queen's beloved consort, Albert "the Good." The four kneeling angels, with clasped hands and open wings, at each corner, executed by Marochetti, with the recumbent statue of the Prince, are the last works of this sculptor. The spotless marble figure of the Prince is a perfect likeness. He is clad in full military uniform, with the mantle of the Order of the Garter round him. It lies but upon one-half of the vast sarcophagus, and is a reminder of the love of the royal widow, who in erecting this memorial looked on the day when, her own life ended and her work accomplished, she should be laid to rest by the side of him she ever mourns.

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

THIS winter, in Paris salons, "the trois temps waltz," which has been in some favour since two or three years, is replaced by the deux-temps waltz and the Boston.

THERE are various ways of making a sensation. Lately, at a ball at Schwarzenburg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, and a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, dancers of both sexes were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had resolved on committing suicide, and had adopted a dynamite cartridge for that purpose.

The fan is still in favour as a design for articles of jewellery, and, as made this winter, it is far more costly than it was in the days when its sticks were of gold filigree, with a single gem flashing in the place where the rivet should be. It is now thickly set with diamonds, the stones graduated from sparks to gems of fair size, and a ribbon of rubies holds the sticks together. As a bit of colouring, these fans are perfect, and their trifling price of $600 should not deter any young woman from firmly resolving to possess one.

WONDERS do not pall. The latest wonder is more astonishing than the photophone. The Pope is going to make a Turk a Cardinal. Monsignore Hassan, born of Turkish parents in the ancient capital of the Greek Church, and the present capital of Mahometanism, to wit, Constantinople, was educated at Rome, became a priest there, went to labour among his own people, was made a Monsignore, and is now about to be given the purple robe of a Prince of the Church. He will be the first Turk who ever wore the scarlet hat of Rome.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

AN archæological paper is about to appear at Naples, bearing the felicitous title of *Pompeii.*

MR. MILLAIS's picture at the Hanover Gallery, "The Bridesmaid," is a study of his daughter as she appeared at her sister's wedding.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S portrait, by Mr. Ouless, A.R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy last spring, is about to form the subject of an etching by M. Rajon.

IT is thought that London needs a new art gallery. The Royal Academy is mainly occupied by royal academicians; the Grosvenor is the academy of a school; it is proposed that the new gallery shall be more catholic, and less reserved to particular persons. It will admit only two pictures from any single contributor, save for special reasons; it will be at the command of artists of all schools; it will be large enough to contain all the good work of the year. Such is the proposal. The scheme shows, in fact, that the opposition to the Royal Academy is at length taking shape.

THE Dilettante Cercle, a London club established last season for the encouragement of literature and art, has met with such brilliant success that a limited liability company has been formed, with the Earl of Dunraven at its head, to purchase the club from its original proprietor. The club was modelled on the Parisian Cercle des Mirlitons, or to give it its proper name, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique et Littéraire, founded by the Comte d'Osman, and comprising among its members many prominent names in the artistic and literary world. The Dilettante Cercle admits ladies as members.

SCIENTIFIC.

ECONOMICAL PRODUCTION OF STEEL.—M. Aube has patented in France a method of converting iron into steel, and at the same time producing illuminating gas. Iron is placed in a retort with charcoal or coke in layers, and heated to 900 deg. C.; fatty matters are then injected and as soon as decomposition has taken place, a jet of dry steam is passed over the incandescent mass. The result is said to be that the iron is converted into steel, and carburetted hydrogen is given off from the retort.

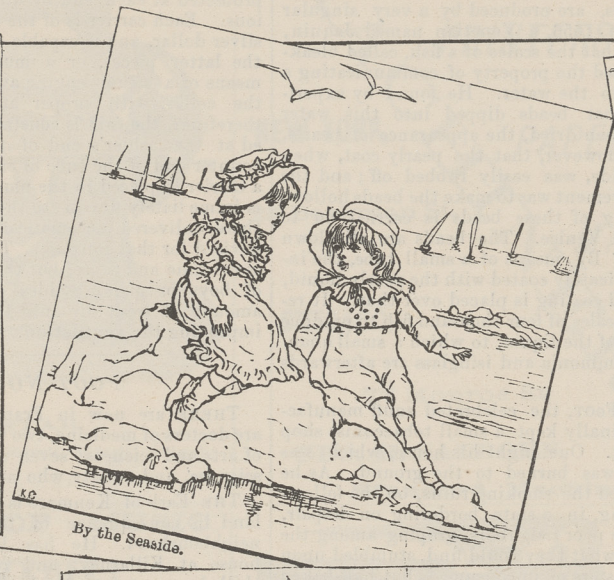
IN Mr. Graham Bell's photophone, sound is conveyed by a beam of light. It has long been known that certain metals give out sounds under the influence of light or heat, and selenium is one of these. This metal is used in the photophone. A plain, bright flexible mirror is fitted in a stand, and the light thrown upon it is reflected as a beam, which strikes a parabolic reflector at a considerable distance. The reflector has in its focus a cell of selenium connected with a galvanic battery and telephone. When a voice speaks behind the flexible mirror, vibrations are produced and communicated to the beam of light, which become audible in the telephone attached to the selenium cell.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. c-o-w

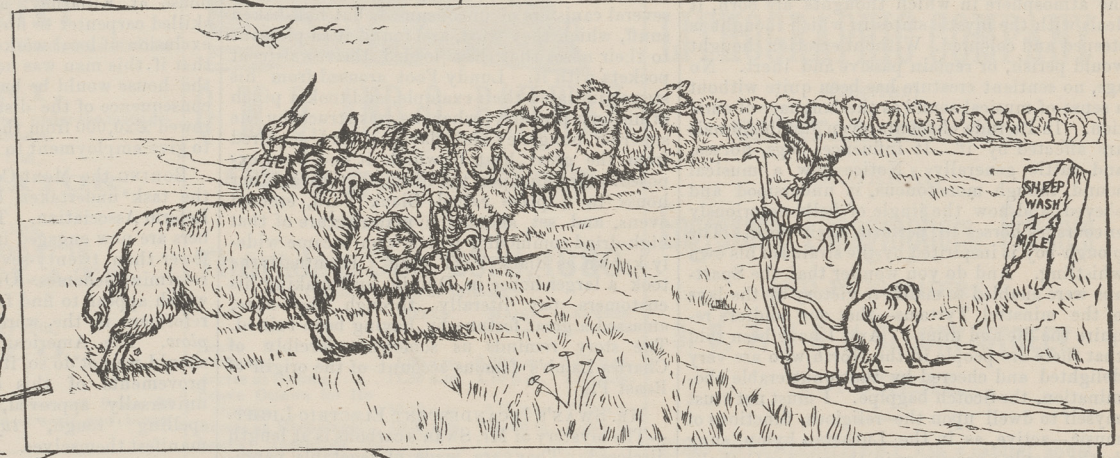
CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL COSTUMES.—DRAWN BY CHASEMORE.

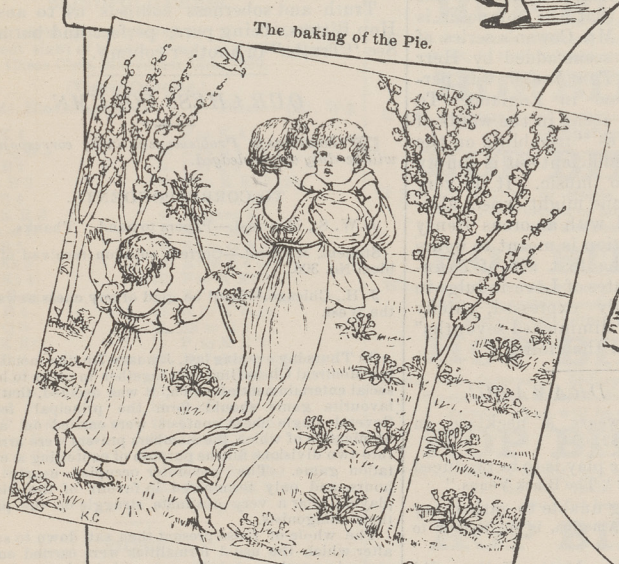
The Christmas Dance.


By the Seaside.

Oranges and Lemons

The baking of the Pie.




Through the Meadows.

Scandal.

The Wintry Winds do Blow

Afternoon Tea.

Here we go round the Mulberry Bush.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence."

SCRAPS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE ESCURIAL.

(*Translated from Théophile Gautier.*)

Reared, like a challenge, near a mountain's brow.
Far off I trace the dark Escurial now ;
Three hundred feet from earth it soars, alone,
Uplifting firmly on its shoulder wide,
Like some huge elephant, a dome of pride,
The Spanish Emperor's debauch in stone.

No ancient Pharaoh for his mummy's tomb
E er built a Pyramid of denser gloom,
No desert Sphynx more weariness betrays ;
The stork is sleeping in each chimney tall,
Green weeds grow rank in each deserted hall,
Monks, soldiers, priests are things of other days.

All would seem dead, save that from every niche,
Fr m crumbling pediment, and cornice rich,
E'en from the hands of sculptured kings there sweep
A flock of swallows, garrulous and gay,
That strive to waken to the light of day
The drowsy giant who forever sleeps !

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

If it be asked, "What is the use of music ?' I may ask in return, "What is the use of emotion ?" It colours all life, it inspires all words, it nerves for all action. What would your life be without it ? And what is the grandest thought without it ? Music expresses no thoughts, stands for no ideas or intellectual conceptions, rouses (except by association) no images ; but it stands for independent states of consciousness, it creates the atmosphere in which thoughts are born, it deals with the mystic states in which thought is steeped and coloured. Without emotion thought would perish, or remain passive and inert. No age, no sentient creature has been quite without a sense of musical sound as the language of emotion. In its rude elements even dumb animals are affected by it. It influences dogs, horses, and cattle generally. Notice how a musical sound, though monotonous, is understood and obeyed, and how the jingle of bells notoriously encourages horses to perform their work. The plough-boy is inspirited by the strains of his own whistling. And do you wonder that the Spartans were enabled to march to victory by the lays of the minstrel Tyrtæus—that our soldiers require the fife and drum : And I have been told that there are people in the North who are very delighted and cheered by that unutterable abomination, the Scotch bagpipe. I must not trust myself to dwell upon the religious functions of music—active, as in the Lutheran hymn, sung *by* the people ; passive as in the mass or Catholic anthem, sung *for* the people. The songs of the temple have had more attention paid them than the songs of the street ; but the time will come when these too, will be understood as important factors in the life and morality of the people. A great statesman has said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and let who will make their laws." And when we think what might be the influence of music we cannot but regret that the popular songs of England are, in fact, represented by "Tommy, make room for your uncle." The songs of our music halls kindle emotions truly, but of what kind are they ? When you employ music, wed it to thought, and thus awaken emotions ; you must remember you are playing with two-edged tools, for the emotions kindled and directed may be such as it is unhealthy and mischievous to cherish. Emotion means fire, and a heap of live coals on your carpet and in your grate subserve very different purposes ; for in the one case your house is warmed, and in the other case it is burned down. So it is with music, which kindles and directs emotion. Music under certain conditions elevates, while under certain conditions it demoralises. Mu ic ought to be used discreetly, advisedly, and soberly, and that is why the particular *kind* of music we adopt, and the words to which music is set, should be carefully considered. Music is not intended simply to tickle the ear ; music is moral. And here let me remind you that not half enough has been said of the discipline of emotion, a function exercised in the highest degree by music. Upon this very quality of discipline, nobility, and truth of emotional expression, turns the distinction between the modern German and the modern Italian schools, as schools. The secret of a good school of music is, that it is a real exponent and a sound discipliner of the emotions. Listening to a symphony or Sonata of Beethoven's is not a joke ; it is a study, an emotional training. You sit down and listen attentively, and the master leads you through various moods ; he elates you and depresses you ; your feeling waxes and wanes with various intensities, not spasmodically, but by coherent sequences. You are put through a whole system of feeling, not of your own choosing ; you are not allowed to choose, you are to control yourself here and expand there ; and at last, after due exercise, you are landed on the composer's own platform, chastened, exercised, refreshed, and elevated. Although urged here and there, the light rein has been upon you, and the master drives you much in the same way that a skilled charioteer drives a spirited steed. Let the heaven-born art of music spread ; let it bless the homes and hearths of the people ; let the children sing, and sing together ; let the concertina, the violin, or the flute be found in every cottage ; let not the only fiddle in the place be hung up in the beer-shop, the only choruses in the villages be heard in the choir and at the public-house. And while music refines pleasure, let it stimulate work. Let part songs and sweet melody rise in all our crowded factories above the whirl of wheels and clanking of machinery ; thus let the factory girl forget her toil, and the artisan his grievance, and music the civiliser, the recreator, the soother and purifier of the emotions, shall become the music of the future for England.—*Good Words.*

MISCELLANY.

GLASS PEARLS, though among the most beautiful inexpensive and common ornaments worn by the ladies, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656, a Venetian named Jaquin, discovered that the scales of a fish, called bleak-fish, possessed the property of communicating a pearly hue to the water. He found by experimenting, that beads dipped into this water assumed, when dried, the appearance of pearls. It proved, however, that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off ; and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow. The making of these beads is carried on to this day in Venice. The beads are all blown separately. By means of a small tube, the insides are delicately coated with the pearly liquid, and a waxed coating is placed over that. It requires the scales of four thousand fish to produce half a pint of the liquid, to which a small quantity of sal-ammonia and isinglass are afterwards added.

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist shop at Limerick. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burned to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins, on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed, but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found it so pleasant to their noses that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with it. Lundy Foot aroused from his stupor imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was struck by the superior pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Acting upon the hint, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, erected ovens, and set about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity which soon became widely known as Black-Yard snuff. Eventually he took a larger house in Dublin, and making his customers pay literally through the nose, amassed a great fortune by having been ruined. The story reminds us somewhat forcibly of Charles Lamb's famous account of the origin of Roast Pig.

MR. SWAN'S INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The mystery of Mr. Swan's carbons is at length disclosed. They are made of vegetable parchment—commonly called parchment paper—cut into strips and carbonized ; they are then bent to the required shape and fixed inside the exhausted globes in the manner publicly described by Mr. Swan. The so-called vegetable parchment is paper prepared by immersion in strong sulphuric acid, thereby it becomes exceedingly tough and compact. The actual cost of the lamp has yet to be settled in a definite manner before its success can he fully demonstrated, but it seems that those most interested are quite sure about that, and it is only the durability of the carbon-thread—which is obviously a question of time—that is at all open to doubt. Sir W. Armstrong has already placed sixteen lamps in his picture gallery at Cragside, which are equivalent to sixty-four ordinary-sized Swan lamps, and he finds that they require about 3¾ horse-power to work them. Sir William obtains the current from a Siemens machine, driven by a turbine worked by a water-fall about three quarters of a mile from his house. The success of the Swan system at Cragside is demonstrated ; but there the power costs practically nothing, and it still remains to be seen how it stands when the cost of power has to be considered.

AT Bucharest there has just been introduced—for the first time in Europe—a mode of fighting which has hitherto been confined to Asia. A squadron of Roumanian cavalry showed the Prince at least something not yet tried even in Germany. A body of cavalry gallops toward the enemy, and then, instead of charging, halts suddenly and lies down, horses and men together, the body of the animals forming a breast-work, from behind which the men open fire. Though the particular action on the occasion of the Prince's inspection would be of little use (adds the *Pall Mall Gazette*), for horses are far too expensive for a breast-work, it is clear that animals trained to lie down by word of command would suffer on the average much less from the enemy's fire than cavalry does now. The most conspicuous loss, both of cavalry and artillery, is always in horses ; yet some of the gunners who fought in Afghanistan were trained to work the guns in a kneeling position. To halve the height of a target is to decrease very greatly the chance of its being hit ; and, besides, the usual fences and walls in any country are enough concealment for animals lying down, but not for the same animal if standing. It is to be hoped that the difficulty of making the horses rise again is not great, otherwise their previous docility might lead their riders into a hot corner without much hope of getting out of it.

NEW CASH BOX.—John Wanamaker, the well-known Philadelphia merchant, has displaced the dusty skurrying of cash boys and cash girls by a system of pneumatic tubes. Under the new system an inspector with wrappers is stationed at each counter, who will receive with the money and goods the seller's checks. While goods are being wrapped up the cash, with the proper voucher, will be transmitted to a centrally located cashier, who will return the change through the proper tube. There are two such tubes leading from each counter to the cashier's enclosure. One of the tubes is to carry the money to the cashier, and the other is to return the change and the accompanying check to the counter again. The "carriers" which work inside of the tubes are little cylindrical boxes of sheet steel, lined with green baize, and protected at each end by diminutive felt cu-h-ions. Each carrier is of the exact diameter of a silver dollar, and is capable of holding thirty of the latter pieces, or a much larger sum. By means of a steam engine and exhaust pump in the cellar, with proper attachments leading therefrom, the air is constantly being exhausted at the cashier's end of the tube and at the counter end of the tube of each pair ; and when a carrier is placed in the mouth of either tube it is immediately drawn to the other end and is there delivered automatically by an apparatus devised for that purpose. The system not only saves time and noise, but the wages of an army of boys or girls, besides discharging a large amount of fresh air into the building, greatly improving the ventilation.

FOOT NOTES.

THERE are now in France five women who are doctors of medicine, two who are "bachelors" of arts and sciences, seven who are bachelors of sciences, and twenty who are bachelors of arts.

THE Earl of Kenmare is about to leave Ireland in consequence of the condition of his neighbourhood. He has lately built a new house at Killarney, and recently employed a skilled carpenter to finish some windows, to the exclusion of local workmen. He received notice that if this man was not immediately dismissed the house would be burnt down. Last year, in consequence of the distress, Lord Kenmare borrowed £20,000 from the Board of Works in order to give employment to his people.

BORING the Mont Cenis tunnel was a joke to the task undertaken by the English Spelling Reform Association. The energies of the members are now engaged in the consideration of no fewer than twenty-seven original orthographic reforming schemes. One specimen among those which appear to find favour in the sight of the reformers is the word "plough," pronounced *plow*. The Americans spell it *plow*. Why should we not do so, it is asked ? Some few improvements of this character appear to be universally approved, but when it comes to spelling "tough," *tuff*, divisions of opinion manifest themselves.

"DELIRIUM TREMENS" has at last been represented in a musical form, and it will not surprise anyone to know that the composer is Wagner. At the third of Mr. Cowan's series of orchestral concerts, a new scene added by Herr Wagner to his opera of *Tannhauser* was performed for the first time in England. To describe the music of this scene in the words of an evening contemporary as "trembling on the verge of delirium" is insufficient—it is simply *delirium tremens* set to music. It is very striking all the same, as one might expect alcoholic exaltation combined with amorous frenzy to be. The scene in question is meant to figure in the introduction of the first act of *Tannhauser*, where the Bacchantes of Love indulge in orgies which are musically expressed, chiefly though the medium of "diminished sevenths" and unceasing tremolos for the violins.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FANNY DAVENPORT wears a necklace in "American Girl" which cost $22,000.

ANOTHER great spectacle play is to be produced at Niblo's, New York, entitled "The Black Venus."

CARLOTTA PATTI, being unable to gather any more laurels in Europe and America, is on a tour to India and Egypt.

IT is suspected that Clara Louise Kellogg did not make an extraordinary impression at Vienna, where she has recently filled an engagement.

WAGNER'S "Meistersinger" has recently been given for the first time in Magdeburg. It is stated that not fewer than 179 rehearsals were held for the work, viz., seventy-five for principals, eighty for the chorus, four for *ensemble*, three for the *mise en scéne*, and seventeen for orchestra.

"JOSEFFY will play the Chickering piano"—Exchange. "Joseffy will play the Steinway piano."—Another exchange. "Joseffy prefers the Weber piano and will use it at his concerts."—Still another exchange "Joseffy has decided to use the Hale piano this season. —*Musical World.*

MR. SCOVEL, the husband of Mrs. Marcia Roosevelt Scovel, is soon to appear at the Argentina Theatre in the opera of "Sonnambula." All Rome is said to be talking of his voice, which is just now delighting the congregation of the American Church in the Via Nazionale.

MLLE. ALWINA VALLERIA, being too ill to play "Aida" in the first presentation of the opera in Boston, the part was undertaken by Mrs. Marie Louise Swift, who, according to several of the Boston papers, was so successful that she will be encouraged to repeat the performance and to venture upon other roles than those she has tried in New York and London.

EUGENIO MAURICIO ENGREMONT, a celebrated Brazilian violinist, only fourteen years of age, who has already made a triumphal professional tour of Europe and Brazil, arrived last week in New York from Rio Janeiro. He brings his company with him and proposes to make the tour of the United States, giving concerts in the different cities. Mr. Engremont will make his first appearance at Koster and Bial's, in Twenty-third street.

THE veteran Professor Ella, founder of the Musical Union, will attain the age of seventy-eight, on Sunday, the 19th inst. Owing to the failing sight of the late director, founder of the Institution, his medical advisers have ordered him to retire from the entire direction of the concerts in future.

A memorial to the late Miss Neilson has been placed on the grave in Brompton Cemetery. It consists of a colossal cross of rough Sicilian marble fixed upon a solid base of the same material, with a marble enclosure, to correspond, and is similar to that depicted in the well-known engraving of the "Rock of Ages." It was contemplated having a sculptured figure of Miss Neilson, as Juliet in a recumbent posture, but the idea was abandoned for that of the simple cross.

THE RED BREAST.

A LEGEND OF BRITANY.

When Jesus meekly passed to death,
And bore the cursed rood,
With faltering limbs, and failing breath,
And brow bedewed with blood ;

A small bird, hovering in the air
Flew down and strove—in vain—
With feeble strength, but pious care,
To soothe the Saviour's pain.

The only thorn its love could wrest
From out His ruthless crown,
Pierced sharply through its gentle breast,
And crimsoned all the down.

Ages have passed : but, since that deed,
The bird with crimson breast
(Oh ! sweetly superstious creed !)
Is loved by man the best.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

HUMOROUS.

"YOU are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot that they could never undo. "Which one ?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

AN old lady in New Scotland hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said : "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em." The old lady in question should have been a native of Jersey, where Her Majesty's postal arrangements include a van, on which may be read, or might be when I was there last the remarkable inscription, "The Royal Male."

THE following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland :

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person ;
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat,
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet ; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices ? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

TRUTH AND SOBERNESS.

What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and billiousness, aid digestion and stimulate the whole system ?

Truth and soberness compels us to answer, Hop Bitters, being pure, perfect and harmless. See "Truths" in another column.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 306.

J. H., Chicago.—Shall be glad of any chess news from the West.

On Thursday evening last, January 7th, the members of the Montreal Chess Club met together in order to hold a social entertainment of which, it was decided, that their favourite game should form the principal feature. Several single chess contests were carried on, at the termination of which, the members present were arranged into two divisions for the purpose of contesting a consultation game. The encounter occupied nearly three hours, and only terminated in favour of the winning players, after a very obstinate struggle on the part of their antagonists.

The whole of those present then sat down to supper, after which the usual formalities were carried out, and several members briefly acknowledged the honours done to them on the occasion. Dr. Howe, the President of the Club, Mr. John Henderson, the Secretary, and others took advantage of this to speak, among other things, of their long connection with the Club, the pleasure they had derived from this connection, and the benefits the game of chess was calculated to produce when judiciously used as a relaxation after the ordinary labours of daily life. Mr. J. Ascher, in responding to the good wishes of his *confreres*, made excellent use of the occasion by giving a very interesting account of some recent visits to England, when opportunities were afforded him of seeing some of the great chessplayers of the day. He graphically described a blindfold performance of Mr. Blackburne, who, at the time and place described, was surrounded by an enthusiastic company, conspicuous among whom were to be seen Potter, Steinitz, Bird, Hoffer, Macdonnell, Gunsberg, Mason, and several other magnates of the chess world.

Altogether the evening was a very enjoyable one, and proved most satisfactorily that, although the noble game is usually a silent one, its literature and study afford scope for conversation of a decidedly agreeable and instructive nature.

From one of the officers appointed at the last annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, we learn that a resolution was passed at that gathering to the effect that the next meeting should be held at Ottawa, in February, 1881. This is a satisfactory statement, but it does not seem to be generally known. Taking it for granted that such is the case, we should like to be further enlightened as to what subjects are likely to occupy the attention of the members when they meet, so that those who intend taking a part in the proceedings, may present themselves in some way prepared to consider the measures which may be brought forward for the advancement of chess in the Dominion. In fact, if there is to be a meeting in February, the programme should, at least, be in an active state of preparation. In the early years of the Association, problem tourneys were never lost sight of, and we believe they were the means of producing some excellent specimens of Canadian Chess Problem composition. It is evidently too late for anything of that nature to form a part of the programme for the next meeting of the Association should it be held in February next. With the hope of receiving in a few days some definite information in the shape of a programme or otherwise, we shall leave further remarks for a future column.

We are glad to see that the revival of the British Chess Association is engaging the attention of Chessplayers in England, and we believe there is every likeli-

hood of their success in carrying out their views. Some recognized body of chessplayers to whom chess difficulties, when they occur, could be referred, is much needed, and will become more and more apparent as the game increases the number of its admirers. The subject is a very important one, and we shall endeavour to say more respecting it as particulars reach us.

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

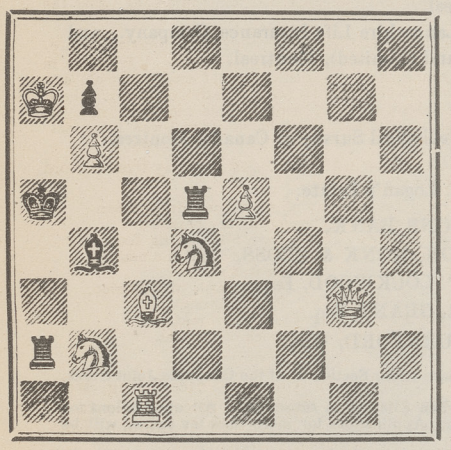
The *Kumara Times* contains a most interesting account of the largest chess tourney yet held in New Zealand. No less than 40 players originally entered, and of these 35 actually competed. They were divided into seven classes, and in the first instance each man played two games on even terms with every other player in his own class, the highest scorer becoming in each case the representative of his class. The seven representatives then played a pool of two games at odds all round, the result being that Messrs. McKenzie (class 5), Weisner (class 2), Bennett (class 6), came out with a score of 8½ each. On playing off these ties, the totals were, McKenzie 3, Bennett 2, Weisner 1. Suitable prizes were given to the winners. The other four representatives also received prizes of smaller value for standing best in their respective classes.—*Chessplayers' Chronicle.*

PROBLEM No. 311.

By C. Callander.

(*From Chess Chips.*)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 439TH.

(*From Land and Water.*)

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of the eight games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne without sight of boards or men at the Manchester Athenæum Chess Club, November 13th, 1880.

(Vienna Opening,)

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.)	Black.—(Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3	2. B to B 4 (*a*)
3. P to B 4	3. P to Q 3
4. Kt to B 3	4. B to K Kt 5 (*b*)
5. B to B 4	5. Kt to K B 3
6. P to K R 3	6. B takes Kt
7. Q takes B	7. Kt to B 3
8. P to B 5	8. Kt to Q 5 (*c*)
9. Q to Kt 3	9. Kt to R 4 (*d*)
10. Q to Kt 4	10. P to K Kt 3
11. R to B sq	11. Kt to K B 3
12. Q to R 4	12. R to K B sq
13. P to Q 3	13. Kt to R 4
14. B to K Kt 5	14. P to K B 3
15. B to R 6	15. Kt takes P (ch) (*e*)
16. K to Q 2	16. Kt takes R
17. B takes R	17. K takes B
18. P take P	18. P takes P
19. P to K Kt 4	19. P to Q 4 (*f*)
20. Kt takes P	20. P to B 3
21. Kt takes P (*g*)	21. Q to R 4 (ch)
22. K to K 2	22. Kt to B 5 (ch)
23. R takes Kt	23. P takes R
24. Q to R 7	Resigns.

NOTES.

(*a*) Anderssen's favourite defence. In effect it is the King's Gambit declined.

(*b*) He has not gone far with Anderssen, for the latter would have played here 4 Kt to K B 3, and then P to Q B 3.

(*c*) This does not alarm White very much.

(*d*) If Kt takes P (ch), then 10 K to Q sq, Kt takes R, 11 Q takes Kt P, R to K B sq, 12 P to Q 3, and Mr. Blackburne would no doubt be satisfied, though many might feel afraid.

(*e*) Goes for the Q R at length, but better before rather than now.

(*f*) If Kt to B 5, then mate in three moves. *Ergo*, Black is in the street called Queer.

(*g*) All is over; close the shutters.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 309.

White.	Black.
1. Q to B sq	1. K to K 5
2. B to R 6	2. Any
3. Q mates	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 307.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 6	1. B to Q 3
2. P to B 5	2. Any move.
3. Mates acc.	

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 308.

White.	Black.
K at K 2	K at Q 5
R at K B 3	Pawns at K R 5,
Kt at Q 2	K Kt 4,
Pawns at K B 4	Q 4, Q B 4 and 6.
Q 3 and Q Kt 2	

White to play and mate in three moves.

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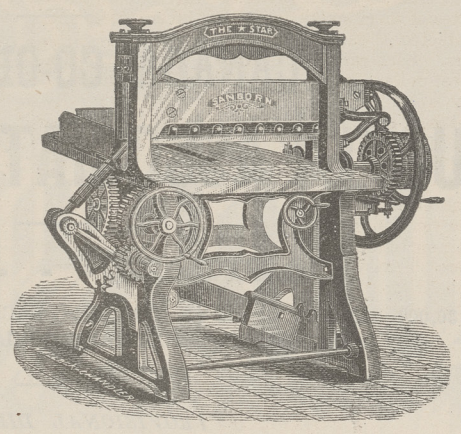

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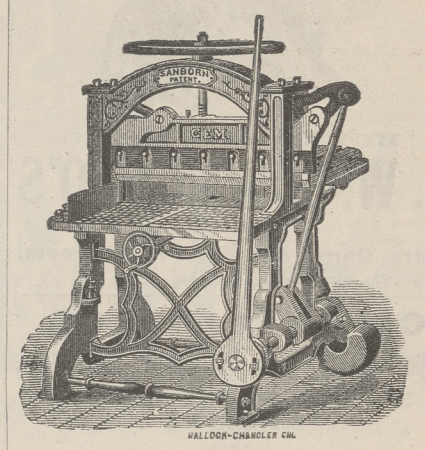

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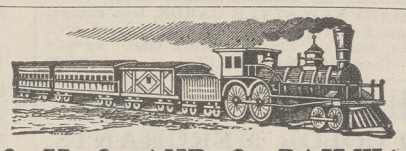

Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5.30 p.m.	——	——
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.	——	——
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga	6.45 a.m.	——	——
Arrive at Hochelaga	9.00 a.m.	——	——
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette	5.00 p.m.	——	——
Arrive at Joliette	7.25 p.m.	——	——
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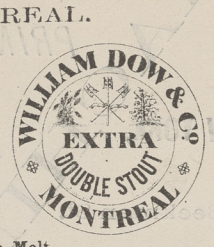

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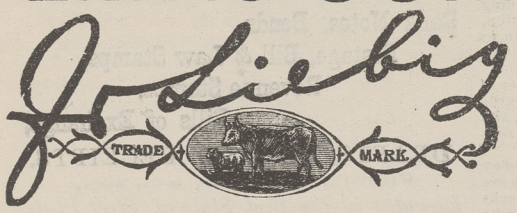

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